

New York Saturday Evening Post

A HUMOROUS WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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"MAY."

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

"Come, my thrush, we'll hie to the meadows!
Your tree mates are trilling a welcome to-day,
Ripples and rustle of brooklets and grasses
Are wooing me too from all home cares away;
You'll learn, from wood-choristers, caroling sweetly,
New notes, shrill and clear, for a blithe roundelay.
Whilst I, prisoned human, will sip in the nectar
Of God's air and sunshine as hither I stray.
Perchance, as I wander and gaze on the beauty
Of hawthorn buds bursting, of wild larkspur
blows;
Who knows but by chance some one may be passing,
Some one who calls me his 'May-bloom'—who
knows?
He once said my hands were as white as May lilies,
My face was as pure as its chalice of snow;
Maybe he'll say that I'm fairer than ever—
But this is the month for 'May-bees,' you know!
How happy I was when we strolled by the brook-side;
The zephyrs thrummed quaintly on sunlit waters,
And quivering, kissed the sly, coqueting waters,
Affrighting the swift-darting graying and carp.
I know that the May-woods looked brighter and cooler,
For a whisper, so olden, stole down the green
And paused, like a witness, 'neath tall forest-guardians.
Recording our vows, leaving blushes and smiles.
But ah, I've forgotten my errand here, surely;
I failed to remember how spring breeds tan;
This artist's choice colors are health-brown and crimson,
And I must be fair if I possibly can!
I've heard another say—the fabled, I'll warrant—
That there's virtue in dew as it clings to the grass;
Tis the pure 'bloom of youth' prepared by Dame Nature,
Whose priceless cosmetics are slighted, alas!"
Down went the lily-lid hands 'midst the dew-drops,
The bright globules spraying the fair, dimpled face.
The thrush looked on wisely with sharp, blinking glances,
A form bounded near her with hurrying pace.
Aha, I have found you—but why this confusion?
What! dew-drops astray in your eyes, pansy-blown?
Do you know what you are now, my nimbus-crowned Nereid?
My 'May-blossom' freshened and sparkling with dew!"

Tiger Dick:
OR,
THE CASHIER'S CRIME.

A TALE OF MAN'S HATE AND WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER IV.

TIGER DICK.

On the afternoon of the day when Cecil Beaumont first saw the Kentuckian whose appearance had so strangely affected him—half an hour before they met on the crossing—Fred Powell drove up to the post-office and alighted, leaving Florence Goldthorp in the carriage. Fred had scarcely entered the building when a gust of wind whirled a piece of paper under the horse's feet. The spirited animal uttered a cry of affright, and after a plunge or two, set off at a break-neck pace down the street.

Pale with alarm, yet with a presence of mind unusual in one of her sex, Florence grasped the reins and tried to check his course; but in her feeble hands he was wholly unmanageable.

Vehicles prudently drew aside to the curbstone. Well-meaning persons, whose zeal exceeded their wisdom, vied with each other in giving utterance to a chorus of halloos that would have done credit to a war-party of Comanches. A fat man in his shirt-sleeves ran out into the middle of the street, wildly swinging a straw hat and shouting "whoa!" at the top of his voice, until the horse got within half a dozen rods of him, when he beat a hasty retreat to the security of the sidewalk, exciting a ghastly sort of amusement, even in the face of the awful danger.

One man seemed possessed of the presence of mind, nerve and address to do something besides augment the general confusion. He quietly stepped into the street, and caught the horse in passing, by the bit. He was nearly thrown from his feet, but succeeded in stopping the runaway.

A barefooted urchin, proud to be in some way associated with the hero of the occasion, restored his hat. He quietly drew his handkerchief about it, to remove the dirt, placed it on his head, and then received his gold-headed cane from another young American (of foreign descent) whose toilet consisted of brimless straw hat, shirt, trowsers (that had suffered abrasions in the usual places) and one suspender.

Meanwhile the customary crowd had gathered around the carriage.

"Help the lady out," said a corpulent gentleman, who wore a fob-chain and English gaiters, and had a very red face and a head as smooth as a billiard-ball.

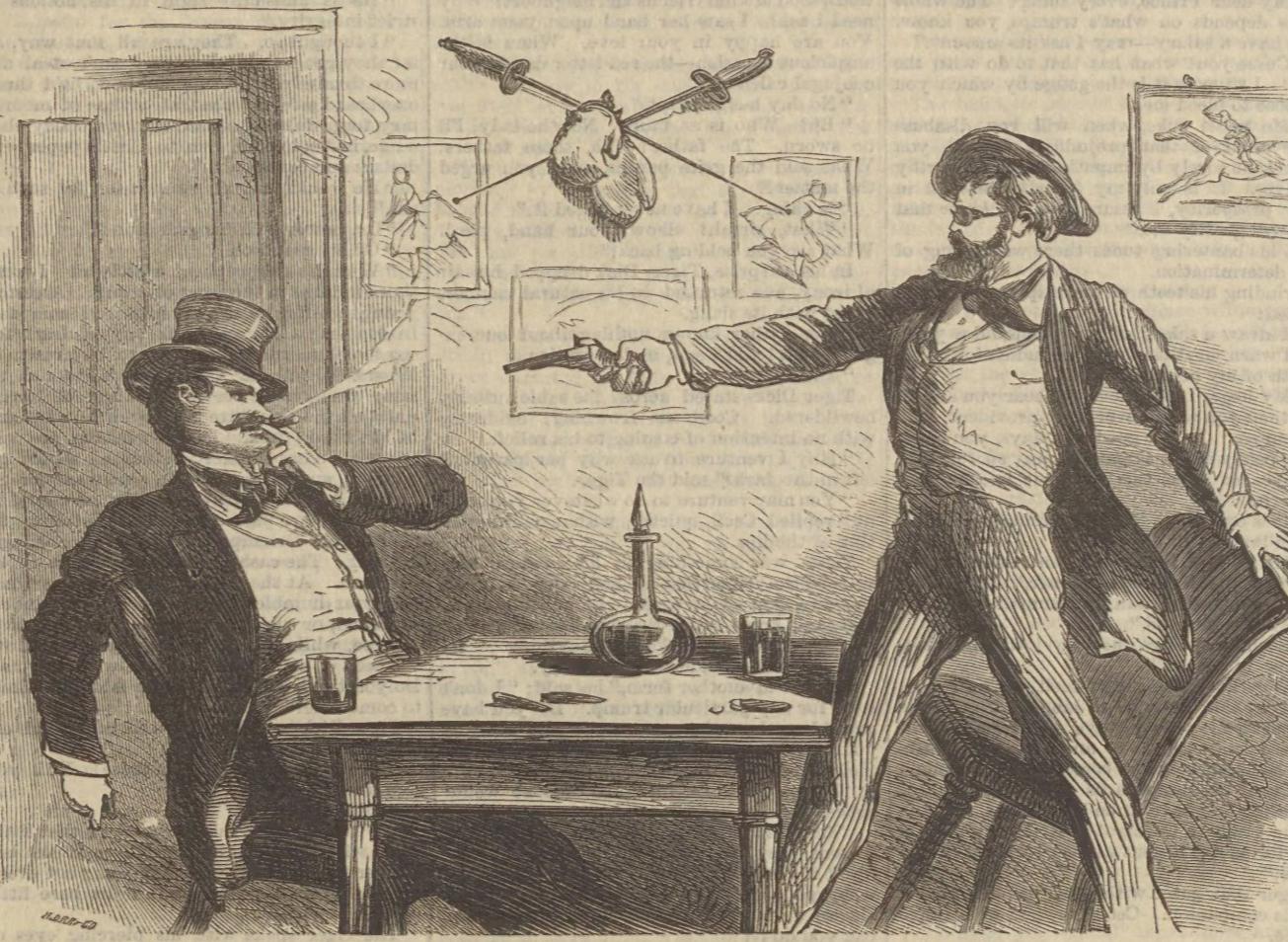
"Who's hurt?" cried a reporter, coming up out of breath, eager for an item.

"May I assist you to alight, madam?" politely asked a spruce counter-jumper with waxed mustache and perfumed hair.

But, turning from these, Florence leaned out of the carriage, and extending her hand to her preserver, said:

"Oh, sir! I cannot express my gratitude for your noble daring. You have probably saved my life. I hope you are not hurt."

"Not in the least, madam," replied her rescuer, lifting his hat with courtly grace, as if nothing unusual had happened, and accepting her hand.



Cecil leaped to his feet, and covered the other with his weapon.

His sudden smile disclosed a row of even, white teeth, in almost startling contrast with his raven mustache. Florence started slightly. The peculiarity of his smile was surprising, yet not unpleasant. But the open admiration of his gaze was so undisguised that it brought a tinge of embarrassment to her cheeks.

At this point Fred came up, pale with concern for the safety of his companion. When he noted the look of the stranger and its effect on Florence, a flush of resentment came into his eye and a haughtiness into his men.

"Believe me, sir," he said, "I have a deep sense of indebtedness to you for what you have done. Accept my card, and if I can ever re-

quite the service, command me, with the assurance that it will be a pleasure to do my ut-

most."

He thrust his card into the hand of the other, leaped into the carriage, and gathering up the reins, dashed out of the crowd.

The stranger received the card mechanically; stared a moment in surprise after the retreating carriage; and then, as an angry frown depressed the center of the straight line formed by his brows, turned on his heel, to hide his chagrin, biting his lip and crushing the card in his palm.

"There's royalty for you," laughed a man who prided himself on his democratic ideas. "To judge from his air, we might think that the young buck was apologizing to our friend here for having inadvertently spattered mud on his boots, instead of thanking him for the life, perhaps, of a young lady."

"How would you like to have a gay young cavalier, with such a killing mustache, make eyes at your ladylove in the open street, *hey?*" said another observing individual, at whose humor the crowd laughed, and then dispersed.

These words reached the ears of the stranger before he gained the sidewalk, and he ground his teeth in inward rage.

"The upstart puppy!" he muttered, between his teeth. "I suppose he resented the way I looked at the girl. By heavens! she's a beauty! Such eyes, and such an air—she gave me her hand with the grace of a queen!"

Florence was surprised at the brusque manner in which her lover had treated her preserver.

"Fred," she said, "couldn't you have shown that gentleman a little more courtesy? You were hardly civil. And I wished to learn his name, so that papa could thank him, too."

"I thought that the debt was in part canceled by the insolent stare with which he regarded you," replied Fred, the indignant flash still in his eye.

Florence had forgotten her momentary embarrassment. She crimsoned slightly at this reminder.

"Who is he?" she asked. "Did you ever see him before?"

"He has been pointed out to me," replied Fred, reddening in turn, for some reason or other.

"What is his name? Do you know?"

"I believe he goes under the sobriquet of 'Tiger Dick,' or something of that kind; but I never heard his real name," replied Fred, still more embarrassed.

"Tiger Dick!" repeated Florence, in surprise. "Why, how can he have got such a strange name as that?"

"He is not a man of very high repute, I believe. A gambler or something of that sort. That class of people usually pride themselves in sounding titles."

Florence relapsed into silence, with a medi-

on the stage with that look," was the flattering assurance of Shadow Jim.

"Smile again, my infant," said the Tiger, not ill pleased. "I'll not break in upon your little heaven with the party affairs of this mundane sphere, but wait until you return to earth."

Jim set his glass down on the table and looked at the Tiger expectantly.

"You must shadow this dainty cashier, Jim, and if he is likely to escape, give him this love-letter. I am not much afraid that he will disregard my other missives, if it is necessary to give them to him; but I want the trap tight, and we can't take too many precautions. If I scare him home, do you get there a few minutes before him and leave the letter. And now to business. I may take a look in on him myself, as the shadows deepen, just to give him a smile of encouragement, you know."

And, with a laugh, he arose and led the way to the open air. He stopped to lock the door, and when he turned about, Jim had disappeared like a veritable shadow.

The reader has seen that the Tiger did look in upon Cecil, and what was the effect; also the maneuvering at the depot and at the steamboat. We may add that Shadow Jim purposely let Cecil know that he was followed, to heighten the effect, and that Cecil's seeing McFarland on the street, after he had vainly tried to shake off Shadow Jim, was an accident, favorable, however, to the plotters.

When the Tiger had played his part, he returned to River street, elated at his success, to await the coming of Cecil Beaumont, of whose compliance with his demand he had no doubts.

CHAPTER V.

THE TIGER SPORTS WITH HIS PREY.

The cool irony of the letter which summoned Cecil Beaumont to No. 49 River street, struck a chill of despair to his soul. The Tiger, like his ferocious namesake, was playing with his prey before devouring it.

With a shudder, Cecil heard the clock strike ten. Its monotonous throb sounded like a knell.

"It is destiny," he said, with a superstitious thrill that was a legacy from his early life. "There's no use fighting against it. I feel it drawing me down, down to perdition!"

He drew the pistol from his pocket, with a wild desperation, and for a moment he was nearer suicide than men often are, and yet escape. But he turned shuddering away.

"No," he muttered, "that is not my appointed death. I cannot escape that way, even if I had the courage. No, no; I must drag the galling chain of my bondage to the bitter end. But, curse him!" he added, his eyes glowing like coals, "we go down together! He escaped once; he shall not do so a second time."

He looked again to the loading of the weapon and placed it in his pocket. Then he drew from the sachet, which he had previously packed, a set of false whiskers and a wig, to which was attached a pair of spectacles. With these he effectually disguised himself, and then quietly left the house.

"It wouldn't do for Cecil Beaumont, a bank cashier, to be seen entering a gambling-den," he muttered, with a bitter laugh. "I must play the game out to the last. Who knows what may turn up. Why did not this fool balance our account at once? He evidently means to use me for something. I'll warrant he'll find me a slippery customer, and he may get a leaden pill that will cure all his ills."

Revolving in his mind plans for circumventing his enemy, Cecil found himself in River street. Just across the way was an illuminated sign, the letters formed of glass brilliants, as follows:

149 THE JUNGLE.

While Cecil was reading it, a hand tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

"You have an appointment with Tiger Dick?" asked a voice at his elbow.

Cecil turned with a start. He had not heard the man's approach. It was McFarland.

"What do you know about my appointments?" demanded Cecil, with a frown.

"Your Grace is in an ill-humor this evening," said McFarland, meaningly,

"Who are you? What do you mean?" asked Cecil, the arrogance of his tone giving place to a tremor of apprehension.

The man smiled.

"I'm a sport as gets my beer-money from Tiger Dick," he replied, in his natural voice.

"My handle's McFarland, at your service."

"And he stationed you here?"

"To waltz you up to the captain's office, as quick as you chipped in."

"Did he expect any one?" asked Cecil, careful not to commit himself.

"He peared sorter confident as you'd come to time," replied McFarland, with a grin.

"Show me to him," said Cecil, with desperate calmness.

The confidence of Tiger Dick in his power weighed like a hand of iron on the quailing soul of his victim.

McFarland turned upon his heel, and conducted him by the side entrance into the presence of the Tiger. He was reading a paper, but threw it aside at Cecil's entrance, and greeted him, with a smile that chilled him to the heart.

"Ah, Prince! let me command your gracious promptness. Accept the homage of your most humble liege."

He pushed forward a chair, and Cecil seated himself.

"Let us have no shilly-shally, but come to business. What do you want?"

"An old want with me—money, for one thing," said the Tiger, smiling. "But before we proceed to that, I have a little story which I wish to recount—some reminiscences, in fact, which I know you will be pleased to have recalled. And what so appropriate, when friends meet, as to go over old times?"

"I care nothing for your reminiscences," replied Cecil, with a frown, yet he could scarcely repress a shudder. "You did not summon me here to listen to chin-music. Come, make up your game, and we'll have a square deal."

The old life was cropping out in his speech, reappearing in the *patois* of slang peculiar to the class represented by the Tiger.

"Now, my dear Prince," protested the Tiger, with undisturbed equanimity, "you know my methodical way. I'm something of a conservative, and there's nothing like time-honored customs. From time immemorial, newly-united friends have found their chief enjoyment in recalling the pleasant scenes of the past—with the enchantment of distance, I know. What better can we do than to follow the beaten path?"

"But," he pursued, an undercurrent of deep significance flowing beneath his air of complaisance, "the story has some exciting passages. See, I am willing to treat you with perfect fairness," he pushed across the table one of two pistols that lay before him. "I do not even request you to lay aside your spectacles, though they kill the glances of those innocent eyes of yours."

"Keep your weapon," replied Cecil, pushing it back to him. "If you had intended to shoot me, I should never have been here."

"That's so, sport, as sure as you are a living man!"

There was an intensity of earnestness in Tiger Dick's voice and look that made Cecil pale in spite of himself.

"And now to my tale," said the Tiger, recovering his bantering humor.

It was a cruel story. All the wretched past was dragged into view, and its scenes of shame and iniquity painted in such vivid colors, that it almost drove the listener distracted. Before it was half through, he sprung to his feet with livid lips and horror-distended eyes, and beads of agony glistening on his forehead.

"Stop, you devil!" he cried, thrusting his hand into the breast of his coat for his revolver.

Not a muscle of Tiger Dick's face moved. There was the smile of fiendish delight. Without any apparent haste or perturbation, he took up on of the pistols, and, with his elbow resting on the table, covered Cecil Beaumont's heart with the weapon.

"Take your wing out of there, my pigeon," he said, quietly, yet with a deadly purpose in his eye. "Whenever you want one of these here little bulldogs, you can have your choice; but no mongrels in this pit, if you please."

The cool tones of the Tiger, and the knowledge that nothing but a hair-trigger stood between him and death, quieted Cecil's excitement, and he drew forth his hand and flung himself into his chair in desperation.

"Curse you! stow your gab and come to us. What do you want of me?" he asked, doggedly.

"Softly, my noble juke!" said his tormentor, tormentedly. "You interrupted me in the middle of my story. It has a *dénouement*, which I flatter myself, is quite effective and, withal, the most delightful part of the story."

Cecil shuddered.

"And must I listen to your fiendish recital?"

The Tiger smiled his blankest smile.

"Upon my soul, I see no way out of it."

"Go on," growled Cecil, gnashing his teeth savagely. "You hold trumps to-day; but, curse you! my turn will come, and you will find me equally merciful."

"That's right, Prince. I love to hear you talk in that way. It sounds like the good old days. Curse me! it makes me feel like a boy again! But to resume. Let me see, where did I leave off? Oh!"

He began again, dwelling on each salient point, seeming to roll it under his tongue, like some toothsome morsel. His victim writhed under his words; but every quiver, every contraction of the muscles, caused a thrill of delight to the human tiger.

"Oh, what a pretty tale to tell to the magistrates," he said, in conclusion. "I seem to see the densely-packed court-room; the spectators gazing in horror at the prisoner, while the judge dons his black cap and sentences him to be hanged by the neck until he be dead—dead—dead! And then the gallows—the surging throng—the yells and jeers—the awful moment of breathless suspense; then the drop and the distorted writhing of the doomed wretch!"

"Stop! stop!" yelled Cecil, wrought to frenzy.

With a swift motion he grasped one of the pistols which lay on the table, and at the same time swept the other to the floor. The Tiger was taken completely off his guard. Cecil's head had been resting on his arms, and Tiger Dick did not look for such a move as this. Cecil leaped to his feet, and covered the other with his weapon.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, with exultation; "what's trumps now?"

Tiger Dick sat still; not a muscle relaxed; he regarded the other with the same unchanged smile.

"Curse you! why do you sit there, grinning like the fiend you are?" demanded Cecil, surprised at the nonchalance of the other.

Tiger Dick blew a curl of smoke from between his lips, and watched it with steady composure, as it ascended to the ceiling.

"Do you realize that only a feather's weight bars your soul from perdition?" asked Cecil, in greater wonder.

"More than that," answered Tiger Dick, with apparent unconcern.

"More! What more?"

The Tiger smiled, with a little shrug of the shoulders. He withdrew his cigar, blew another wreath of smoke into the air, and then, fixing his gaze upon Cecil with a magnetic intensity, said simply: "The gallows!"

All of the horrible scene that a moment before had goaded him to frenzy, stood out before his mind with blood-curdling vividness. Shuddering, Cecil Beaumont sank back into his seat, his arm falling to his side as if struck with palsy.

"Have some wine," said the Tiger, pushing a decanter toward him; and Cecil accepted the invitation, the lip of the decanter clinking on the glass with the tremulousness of his hand, as he poured out the liquor.

CHAPTER VI.

A DARK COMPACT.

A SMILE OF TRIUMPH CURLED TIGER DICK'S LIP AS HE NOTED THE EFFECT OF HIS WORDS.

"YOU SEE, PRINCE, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO QUARREL," HE SAID.

"WILL YOU COME TO THE POINT, AND TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT OF ME? STATE YOUR CASE AND LET ME GO."

Cecil strove hard to appear still master of himself; but the cool sarcasm of the other had cut clear through the armor of bravado in which he had incased himself; and while he still preserved a hollow show of boldness in his words, the tremor in his voice betrayed his weakness.

"Gently, me noble juke," expostulated the Tiger, coolly. "You have told me nothing of yourself. Do you know, I am burning with curiosity to learn what has happened to you since last we met—say, after that little game of hide-and-seek in New York."

"What is my life to you? If you look to me for money, you will find yourself sucking a dry lemon."

"Money! Now, Prince, you know I scorn the sordid self. Believe me, my interest in you is purely unselfish."

"I DON'T QUESTION YOUR DISINTERESTEDNESS; BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

"But, me lord, why so precipitate? It is true that, now that we are restored to each other, we may be of mutual benefit—"

"Well, pitch your trump. Of what benefit can I be to you?"

"Softly! You know we must make our game somewhat according to the run of the cards. As yet, I know nothing of your present circumstances—only that you are cashier of a bank!"

"THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE CASE IN HAND."

"My dear Prince, every thing! The whole game depends on what's trumps, you know. You have a salary—may I ask its amount?"

"CURSE YOU! WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH THE CASE? I SUPPOSE IT IS THE GAUGE BY WHICH YOU PURPOSE TO BLEED ME."

"ME NOBLE JUKE, WHEN WILL YOU DISABUSE YOUR MIND OF THAT PREJUDICE? Indeed, you wound me sorely by imputing such unworthy motives. It is only my friendly interest in your prosperity, I assure you. I know that you will gratify me."

In his bantering tones there was a ring of iron determination.

Grinding his teeth at his helplessness, Cecil replied:

"I DRAW A SALARY OF TWO THOUSAND A YEAR; BUT I WARN YOU THAT THAT IS NO INDICATION OF THE LENGTH OF MY ACCOUNT."

"MY LIEGE, I AM GRIEVED TO HEAR YOU SAY SO. BUT THEN YOU WERE NEVER VERY PROVIDENT, AS I REMEMBER. IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS, YOU COULD FLIP A PENNY ABOUT AS QUICK AS ANY SPORT I EVER SET EYES ON. BUT THIS BANK—it IS A PRIVATE CONCERN!"

"IT IS OWNED BY HAROLD CARRINGTON AND HIS SON-IN-LAW, DAVID POWELL."

"MR. POWELL IS THE PRESIDENT, AND THIS MR. CARRINGTON THE 'SILENT PARTNER,' OR, IN OTHER WORDS, THE MONEY-MAN, I PRESUME?"

"THAT IS THE CASE."

"SOCIALLY, YOU GO CHEEK-BY-JOWL WITH THESE NABOBS, OF COURSE?"

"WHY NOT?" DEMANDED CECIL, WITH A FROWN.

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camp had sprung up without their limits. A crowd of two or three hundred men surged continually about the mouth of what was known as the old mine. Miners left their own claims and work to watch enviously the rich yields which one particular streak of gravel in the old mine was turning out. Others fell to work with renewed encouragement to sink their own pits deeper, and a steady flow of new-comers kept appearing until now there were no more claims to be taken.

"Hurrah!" shouted a voice. "Hurrah! another strike in the old drift."

In two minutes the whole space about was one big mass of humanity. A whooping crowd, vociferous in their demands to "wet the find," and when the shout went through that it was a hundred and fifty cart loads of the first water, men seemed to go fairly mad with excitement. It was the largest gem discovered there, and the fortunate finder stood flushed and triumphant with that fortune in a drop upon his palm, a great drop of dazzling brilliance, every motion throwing out quivering rays and flashes of burning light.

"Come, Smith," said his partner, touching him upon the shoulder, "liquor the crowd and let's get out of this Babel. I never was nervous over good fortune before, but I confess to being shaky now."

The fortunate finder was caught up on the shoulders of the crowd, to his own great discomfiture, and borne triumphantly through the wide, main street. He was not to make his escape easily; even when he had been able to clear the vociferous throng through the time-honored customs of "wetting the find," some eager speculators hemmed him in.

"Say, now, what'll ye take for the hull section, Mister Smith?"

"Give you twenty dollars a foot for it."

"Double that in hard cash!"

"Fifty dollars a foot for ten square yards and my own choice. Come now, you'll not do better than that in ten years."

"Can't he, though. I go five hundred dollars better on the offer and my own choice."

"Gentlemen," said the lucky miner, decisively, "I can make no bargain without the approval and concurrence of my partner. Come along; make your offers to him; give us a little time to think the matter over, and we may strike a bargain. What do you say?"

They agreed, since there was nothing else to be done, grumbling a little at the prospect of a night's delay, advancing their bids to startling figures in their eagerness to become possessed of this inestimable mine of wealth.

The two partners consulted together aside, and the elder man announced their decision.

"We'll sell out the half-section, Smith and I, for what you've offered, a hundred thousand apiece. The other half isn't for sale just now. We're not anxious, but we're perfectly willing, so let's know of what mind you are."

So eager were they that the bargain was concluded on the spot. Papers were drawn up and signed before night, and it is a question which were envied most, the new owners of the half-interest, or the old ones who would realize double the amount of the sale upon diamonds already in their possession.

The sun went down upon the boisterous scene. Long shadows crept in. Groups of miners gathered before the tents or strolled aimlessly about the wide street, discussing the absorbing topic of the day. Further out upon the plain the negroes had congregated and were executing to a monotonous chant some fantastic native dance. A short distance aside from the regular lines stood one large tent, and just without the opening, smoking their pipes and watching the great, round white moon come up, were the two comrades who were the pioneers of the movement here.

"We've cut lines for good and all it seems, partner," said the elder man at last. "We've been together nigh upon two years now, and each has kept an unusually close mouth about his own affairs as I look back on it. I haven't been much given to talking of myself, and for no better reason than I would have found little or nothing to say. I have always been a roving blade, though I come of good family, stiff and starched old Puritans who trace back to the first colonists of Boston, and from that direct to the Mayflower for all I ever knew or cared. There isn't one other in the world to day so close to me as you are, my lad. I took you to sight, you remember; I knew you to be a gentleman, though you never made any pretensions on that score; and have proved yourself as tough and plucky as the rough lot out there. You, I take it, are going back to your proper place in the world, and I'm off on a voyage to the States that's been like a prick to my conscience these last weeks here, knowing I'd ought to take it. Would you mind giving me a back view before we cut quite apart, my boy?"

The other, a tall, finely-developed young man of twenty-six or seven, dark-bearded and bronzed, looked away through the summer night, made vocal with insect notes, and with something between a sigh and a smile, knocked the ashes from his pipe and turned toward his companion.

"It's not a pleasant view for me to look back upon, Prescott," he said. "It's little enough good I can tell you of myself before we struck hands and fellowship. I had been six months in the mines then, and without one single stroke of good-fortune to encourage me. I owe all, I have had, since to the chance you gave me, and if you care to hear my story, it is little enough return for me to tell it. In the first place, then, my name is not Smith."

"I always knew that," said Prescott, quietly. "It didn't chime with the cut of your jib."

"My own name is Vivian. I hinted that I was wild. You have heard of the road to ruin, I suppose? Well, I went over that road at a full gallop for three good years. I wound up as young men of that stamp always do wind up, sooner or later, at a bad crisis. I had a noble old father whom I brought to sorrow by my bad course. He paid my debts up to him, and he discovered the fact. His generosity through all touched me to the bottom of whatever good was in my heart. I made a resolve to bring myself up to a standard of which he need not be ashamed. I made an arrangement to leave the States; to go to London my original intention was. I went down to the old place to beg my father's forgiveness and ask his blessing. I came away without either, so bitterly was he incensed. I had worn his patience out long before, and it is little wonder he had no faith in me."

"I left his home that night—it was New Year's Eve—as desolate a man as might well be found on earth. Through a blunder brought about by my own inattention, I took the wrong train at the first change. Instead of going direct for New York I was en route for Harrisburg, and before I had discovered my mistake I had heard a conversation between two passengers ahead, which quite altered my whole future course."

"The two men had taken passage for South America, by a ship which would sail from Baltimore on the following day, their destination the mines of Brazil. One of them had repented, however, and all the eloquence of his companion was ineffectual to move him.

"There's no use of your talking," I heard him say. "I can ill afford to lose the passage-money, but I wouldn't take the risk of a round trip or a month's stay in that bilious climate for twice as much. I'd die of yellow fever there, within six months. I tell you for the last, I'll not go."

I leaned forward and touched his shoulder, calling the attention of both.

"Will you sell your chance?" I asked. "I'll go in your place and refund your passage-money."

"He very readily made the bargain. The other looked at me sharply and asked some questions, but seemed satisfied with the arrangement. To save trouble and explanations, which there was now no time to make, I assumed his name and personality for the voyage. I had meant from the first to take an assumed name, and I never changed it after reaching the Brazilian coast.

"I am going back with money enough to repay all that I squandered in my reckless days and something over. Better than that, I go back to prove myself not entirely unworthy to be my father's son. That's all, Prescott; no hopeless relation, as I warned you at first."

"Hopeful for the future, my dear fellow. You asked me, when I made out those papers, a few hours ago, why I didn't sell out the whole section and live at ease for the rest of my life. I put you off with an evasive answer then. The true reason is because I have no more right to that other half-section than you have. I was one of the original company you know. Half the shares were owned by one man; I struck up an acquaintance with him, just before he died, about five years ago. He gave his papers concerning the mine into my keeping; they weren't considered worth the ink upon them at that time, but he asked me, if they ever amounted to any thing, to see that the proceeds of his share went to his daughter. I've got her address along with the documents, and I've had the matter of the voyage I've decided on in my mind since we struck our good luck here. I'm going to offer her a fair price, considering all the risks, for that other half, and I'll come back and work it myself, or sell, according to my fancy then. I've thought of the matter nights until I couldn't be content to put it off. I couldn't rest easy with this much money in my hands, and think that Ned Cartet's daughter might be starving for all I know."

"Who?" the young man asked, in startled, intense voice.

"Cartet. Little Lenore, he called the girl."

"Nora? Why, Prescott, Nora Cartet is my father's wife!"

The two looked into each other's faces in the bright moonlight for one moment; then their hands came together in congratulatory pressure.

"This is better than I could have hoped," Prescott said, warmly. "We'll not of necessity cut asunder yet awhile; we'll take our home journey together."

Overland Kit: THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

TEN o'clock on the morning following the examination, found the mining-camp known as Spur City in a terrible state of excitement.

As one old gray-haired miner remarked, "He hadn't seen such a heap of people in town since the day when the first woman and baby arrived from the East." An event, the knowledge of which traveled with railroad speed from camp to camp in the mountain gullies and which brought every miner within thirty miles into town, to see the sight. And, as the husband of the woman and the father of the baby happened to be a shrewd West Virginian, he instantly "went in" to accumulate a small fortune by charging a "bit" apiece for admittance to the tent where his family resided!

The unfortunate arrival of two other women and two other babies, some three days after the first, "busted" the speculation. The miners were like all other people who run after curiosities. They didn't care to see sights which had become common.

The old miner who uttered the above-quoted remark regarding the number of people in town, was reputed to be one of the oldest inhabitants. He had been in Spur City full three years, and had seen the camp grow up from one tent to some fifty tents and shanties each.

The trial was fixed to come off at six o'clock that evening.

When it became noised about town that the old fat cuss, in store clothes, as the miners irreverently termed Mr. Rennet, was a celebrated lawyer from New York, and that he had undertaken the defense of the prisoner, the state of the odds in the betting market changed at once. All those reckless souls who had bet one to four that Talbot would be found guilty, went round with bags of gold-dust in their hands, and "tears in their eyes," imploring somebody to take their offer of thirty to four that Dick wouldn't be found guilty.

As we before said, no better example of how public sentiment regarded the matter can be given than the statement of the odds offered.

Judge Jones, looking out into the street, could see the old lawyer, surrounded by a group of Talbot's friends, busily as a beaver. Horsemen kept riding up, making reports, and then, apparently, departing on other missions.

Jones groaned in agony. He suspected that the lawyer's services in behalf of the prisoner was a blow dealt him by a woman's hand; but he little guessed that he was fighting two. The rivals, Bernice Gwyne and Eldorado Jimmie, had made common cause against him in behalf of Talbot.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark that this reckless better was the man-from-Rod-Dog. None cared to accept his offer, though.

As a general rule, the miners scouted the idea that Injun Dick could, by any possibility, be the road-agent, Overland Kit.

Judge Jones urged onward by the fierce passion that was burning in his heart, had been by daybreak, and since that time, he had not let the grass grow under his feet.

He had dispatched two different parties in various directions. On what mission they went, no one knew except Judge Jones and the leaders of the expeditions. With one of the parties went, under guard, the valuable witness, Joe Rain.

After various consultations with the leading citizens, Judge Jones selected twelve men for the jury, and presented them for the assembled people to pass judgment upon.

The twelve comprised twelve of the principal men in the mining-camp, they were elected unanimously. So the jury was formed.

A little circumstance that had occurred early in the morning had annoyed Judge Jones ex-

sclusively. Just after the departure of the second expedition, the Judge was waited upon by the New Yorker, Salmon Rennet, accompanied by Dandy Jim, Ginger Bill—who had been relieved of his sentry-post at daybreak—and a couple of other citizens, friends of Talbot.

Rennet had introduced himself as a member of the New York bar, and informed the Judge that he had accepted the position of counsel to the prisoner.

The Judge ground his teeth in anger, when informed of the fact, but replied civilly enough.

Rennet desired to know the hour set for the trial, and when the Judge said "ten o'clock" he objected, until he could have an interview with the prisoner and ascertain something regarding the line of defense to be used.

As the old lawyer explained, he had not yet seen his client in person—a fact which the Judge was fully aware of, as he had given express orders that Talbot should not be allowed to see any one.

With an ill grace, the Judge allowed the lawyer admission to the shanty where Dick was confined.

After a very short interview, not occupying more than ten minutes, Mr. Rennet waited again upon the Judge, and assured him that the prisoner would not be ready for trial until six o'clock that evening, at the earliest, as he—Rennet—would need all that time to procure certain important witnesses and, prepare for the trial.

The Judge replied tersely, and with considerable asperity in his manner, that the trial was fixed for ten o'clock, and at ten o'clock it would take place whether the prisoner was ready or not.

Then Rennet blandly moved to "amend the motion," by proposing that the prisoner be hanged at ten o'clock, without any trial at all, and he added: "As it was plainly evident that the presiding Judge had made up his mind to hang the prisoner anyway, they might as well hang him without a trial as with one."

After this shot, the old lawyer withdrew. About ten minutes afterward a noise in the street attracted the Judge to the door, and, to his disgust, he beheld the old New Yorker elevated on a whisky barrel, his hat in his hand, his white hairs flying in the breeze, supported on one side by the man-from-Red-Dog, and on the other by Ginger Bill, addressing a crowd of miners.

In about five minutes Jones became pretty well convinced that he was no match for the New Yorker.

Old Salmon Rennet, in his young days, had been a prominent ward politician in great Gotham, had won the Judge's earwax with the aid of the "untutored" voters of "bloody Sixth," and, besides, he was really an able lawyer. He knew how to address a mixed audience, and it was really fun for the old lawyer of Spur City.

At the end of her recital, Judge Jones spoke.

"Do you detect any resemblance between the person of the prisoner at the bar and the outlaw?"

"None at all," Bernice replied, firmly.

"Do you detect any resemblance between the prisoner at the bar and your cousin, Patrick Gwyne?"

"I object to that question," cried the old lawyer, on his feet in a moment—one of the miners had kindly provided him with a keg to sit on.

"Why do you object?" asked Jones, knitting his brows.

"The question is irrelevant."

"It is not!" cried the Judge.

"What is its purpose?"

"To establish the fact that the prisoner at the bar is Patrick Gwyne."

"Exactly; but if the court knows itself, the prisoner is not accused of being Patrick Gwyne, but of being Overland Kit."

"Certainly; we allow that; we may not be proceeding according to the exact forms of law, but we are after justice. If I can prove that the prisoner is Patrick Gwyne, and that Overland Kit is Patrick Gwyne also, it is clear to my mind that we establish the prisoner's identity as Overland Kit."

"Let me answer the question, please," said Bernice, suddenly.

The old lawyer took the hint at once, and sat down.

A smile of triumph appeared in the eyes of the Judge.

"Let me put the question again, Miss, so that the jury will understand it fully," and the Judge looked at the gentlemen of the jury, meaning, as much as to say, "Take notice, now."

"Do you detect any resemblance between the prisoner and your cousin, Patrick Gwyne, who came to you disguised as Overland Kit?" said the Judge, slowly, measuring out, as it were, every word.

"Well, bless my soul!" muttered the old lawyer, in an undertone, "if that isn't a nice way to put a question—and he wants nothing but justice!"

Bernice fixed her eyes fully upon Talbot.

The crowd held their breath to listen.

"I have not seen my cousin, Patrick Gwyne, for ten years, but, in the face of that gentleman, I do not trace a single resemblance to him."

The old lawyer chuckled; the Judge had got rather more than he bargained for.

Jones bit his lip nervously, hesitated for a moment, then he spoke again:

"Of course, ten years naturally would make a great change in a man."

"That's for the jury," muttered Rennet;

"and he wants justice!"

"I am through with the witness." Then the Judge sat down.

Rennet got up.

"Relate when and where you first saw this Overland Kit," he said.

Bernice told the story of the road-agent stopping the coach.

"When and where did you first see the prisoner at the bar?"

"At the Eldorado Hotel when I arrived here. He was in the saloon when I entered."

"You came straight from the place where the coach was stopped to the hotel?"

"Yes."

"Coach go fast or slow?"

"Very fast."

"How far from here do you suppose the place was where the coach was stopped by the road-agent?"

"Some ten miles. I should think."

"Geyser Canyon, eight miles," said Ginger Bill, from the crowd.

"Thank you; the information about the distance and the name of the canyon is not, of course, given under oath, gentlemen of the jury; but it is a mere question of distance and of locality. Probably, nearly

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Billy Saunderson, the Decoy,
who is introduced in the next installment, is presented a type of young men who, fortunately for society, are not numerous. His assurance, his ready wit, his ease of conscience in doing a "decoy's" work, are traits only possible by an education such as a gambler's lair could furnish; and the career which he pursues only illustrates, in its moral, the result sure to follow a reckless life. In

S H A D O W J I M

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AN ALMOST LURID LIGHT

over the strange and awful months. The power of woman's heart to cope with great emergencies—the sublime devotion of which a trustful faith is capable—the sudden inspiration to brave action which love excites—are features of the romance that give it, after all, its most potent charm, and indicate, in the scope which they give to the drama, the author's eminent excellence as a contributor to our popular American fiction literature.

The Arm-Chair.

THE growing frequency of "spelling-matches" we pronounced a good sign of times. The processes of education are usually dry, tedious and irksome; hence, thousands shirk the school-room or study and run away from a grammar or dictionary as from a tax-gatherer or a sheriff's summons to jury duty. But here comes the educator, masked behind a face of fun, and marshaling the people together, under the thin disguise of sport, he has them in severe and active training in a branch of education which only too many have to admit has been woefully neglected.

Thousands of men and women grown are now students in orthography and derivations—in pronunciations and definitions, and the good that may result it is a pleasant thing to contemplate.

So we say, as we said last week, give all possible encouragement to these matches; make them a feature of your social gatherings, of your evenings at home, and of your school services. Pit school against school; coterie against coterie; town against town; young folks against their elders and parents; and we'll see such an amazing brightening up of our average intelligence that other kinds of intellectual contests will ensue—as for instance: tests in pronunciation and derivation; grammar jousts; geographic inquisitions; Scriptural problems; historic questions and answers, etc., etc.

A somewhat natural result of this "word-madness"—as we heard an old grumbler characterize it—but none the less a singular fact, is the remarkable increase in the sales of dictionaries and spelling-books! We are assured that enormous demands are made upon the publishers of lexicons of all sizes and grades—from the common-school, three-volume Webster to the great unabridged Worcester. Everybody now wants a reference-book in orthography. Never before were the merits and demerits of various editions so well known. Never were Webster and Worcester so frequently compared and canvassed. The schoolmaster is abroad, and the man or woman who can't spell is a subject of public commiseration.

Sunshine Papers.

Views—Consolatory.

SOME people have such an odd way of offering consolation!

That remark was forced from me by hearing aunt Martha talking to Mrs. E. Mrs. E. has just lost a daughter; a lovely young woman, whom death has robbed from a fond husband and tender babes and a doting mother. As the old lady recounted with sobs her daughter's virtues, aunt Martha essayed to comfort her with such remarks as: "You will soon follow her, you know," "It is to be hoped she is better off," "You made an idol of her and so God took her, and you should accept cheerfully His dispensations."

"Accept cheerfully His fiddlesticks!" I was tempted to irreverently intercede. Perhaps for the maintenance of a decent reputation with some people, I had better state that I overcame the temptation. But, though I knew aunt Martha is a good woman in her way, and means well, I was so indignant at her set speeches and lugubrious solemn face, that I longed to box her ears, or throw a pillow at her, thus venting my feelings in the satisfactory manner of Grandfather Smallweed.

The idea of aunt Martha, or any other vain mortal, setting herself up to explain the whys and wherefores of God's decrees, much less of dragging the divinity which constitutes our ideal of God down to the lowest level of humanity. Few mortals are so cruel as to ruthlessly sever ties of kinship; and the husband who could kill his wife because she tenderly loved her children, the father who should put to death his child because it loved its mother, the son who would take the life of his parents because of their attachment to each other, would be reckoned angelically described by us mortals, if simply called monster! Are we, then, possessed of greater pity and love than the divinity? Nonsense! That idea of God's taking our friends from us because we love them too well! God is God! He would be less if he could be jealous of our poor human love, even when lavished upon some object in its utmost intensity. The more truly and purely we love the more Godlike we become; and our loved ones are never taken from us because God is jealous.

The sensibility, to be sure, of telling us there is a Supreme Ruler of our destinies who regards with displeasure our tenderest emotions and punishes our holiest loves, and then bidding us "accept cheerfully His dispensations!"

Then think of the horrible suggestions conveyed to superstitious and trammelled minds by hoping their friends are better off! Surely, "lying is justifiable" in such a case. But of course the dead are better off; the sadness is for those who stay, and for them, surely, we might have cheerful faces, and smiles, and gentle sympathy; nor be told that we will follow them soon, however certain of fulfillment our friends may deem that remark. As a general case, no matter how great people's afflictions, they still cling to life, and are in no urgent mood to accompany their lost ones into "That undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns."

There is aunt Martha herself; she is quite prepared and ready to die, she asserts, and yet she insists upon worrying through every illness with the help of cargoes of medicines and several doctors. Perhaps she thinks uncle Calvin's shirts would never have all the buttons in their places, nor any one be found to console mourners, if she did not show a denying spirit and remain on this mundane sphere!

It is said that the Mahomedans preserves religiously every stray scrap of paper, thinking there may be some word of the Koran upon it; the ancient Hebrews never uttered the word Jehovah, so reverently they held it; it is pity that some such emotions of reverence and inferiority might not possess the souls of many people who are not Mahomedans, nor Hebrews; that humanity might not make itself equal with divinity, and so lead sorrowing hearts, that mostned sympathy and love from every source, into feelings of antagonism toward that source from whence they might derive most, by teaching them that God is cruel and vindictive, instead of full of gentleness and pity and love. To all aunt Marthas, of male or female gender, let me suggest that they do not feel called upon to console people in trouble until they get rid of their moral dyspepsia. Of all others who have friends in trouble, let me entreat that they be natural, give genuine sympathy, and give it cheerfully, and, if they essay further consolation, to remember

"God is Love!"

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

DIARY KEEPING.

I HAVE a friend who thought it was a foolish notion to suppose it to be an impossible thing to keep a diary. She considered it the easiest thing in the world, and, to prove her assertion, she did keep one—just exactly three days. It commenced on the first of January with a whole pile of good resolutions, which had she kept them—she would have been next door to a saint. She wasn't going to be jealous of her Charley. She had every faith and confidence in him. In her eyes he was a paragon of perfection.

It seems that Charley did not call on New Year's night, as he intended, and the doleful thoughts of his inconstancy fitted through my friend's mind. She could not think why he stayed away, nor where he had gone. Could he have visited that hateful Melinda Gusher? Yes, that must be his excuse for remaining away from her side. Then Charley wasn't such a paragon of perfection. He was the "hatefulest and awfulest being under the sun," and she was never going to look at him or speak to him again. Never, never, no, never!

Her diary speaks of her going to the store where Charley was clerk to show her independence, and she was going to cut him dead and smile on the new clerk to see how Mr. Charley would like that. But, Mr. Charley wasn't there, and she was even more put out than ever. Of course, he had been carrying on a clandestine courtship with some one else and was then on his bridal tour! Why didn't she have her eyes open and seen how the matter stood long ago? There he was "galivanting" round the world with his bride, while she was pining away and seeking an early grave! There was a memorandum here that she had boiled coffee and fried oysters on her way home. Oh, how excessive her grief must have been?

She states here that, as soon as she returned home, she set about making her grave-clothes, keeping time by singing, "This world is all a fleeting show." While these funeral preparations were transpiring who should walk in but Mr. Charley himself. Tableau! No apologies would be listened to, but, for all that, the gentleman in question made it clear that he had been called away to visit a sick friend, and had no chance to send word. The young lady felt mortified and agreed that Charley was the

dearest and best fellow in the universe. In fact she had always held that opinion on the subject. She guessed she wouldn't pine to death just then—it was almost too cold weather. There was something worth living for, now that Charley was by her side.

Then followed a sleigh ride, and it was so awful cold that she had to nestle by his side, and there he told her the story that is always so new, yet ever so old. Of course he proposed, and of course she said "yes" and, of course, the thought of matrimony drove all other ideas out of her head, and the diary was consigned to oblivion. 'Tis the fate of most dairies, and thus the world loses a great deal of heart character.

If a person would keep a diary and write down all their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears, struggles and successes, it would be one of the most pleasant ways of occupying one's time. In the days when we grow old how pleasant would these items of our daily life seem! We would see, were we in trouble, how we had borne under our griefs and learn how to overcome others. Memories of days past would be pleasant things to keep freshly in one's mind. We should see what had been done to our stumbling blocks in the past and to avoid them in the future. We should see how we regretted having spoken so harshly to one who has laid aside his cares and is lying among the dead, and we should be more likely to treat with kindness those whom we have left to us. Some of the pages of a well-kept diary are better reading than many a book, yet few there are who keep them, and those few always write as though they were speaking of somebody else and not of themselves.

EVE LAWLESS.

A BORE.

THE man who travels but little is generally a nuisance to himself and to those by whom he is surrounded. He arrives late in the evening and is obliged to remain over night in a strange city, as the train—which leaves for his destination—departs on the next morning. At the hotel he worries the clerk by asking him half a dozen times at what hour the cargo, and then adds insult to injury, by asking "if he is sure?" There are very few hotel clerks who are not sure of everything—at least it would appear so from their conversations. The clerk tells him that he is very certain the train leaves before daylight, and a porter will be sure to call him at the right time.

This ought to satisfy the traveler, and he should be content, go to his room, go to bed and go to sleep. But it does not. He goes to his room and his mind is occupied with the thoughts of how many hotels have been burned down recently, so he thinks he will leave the window open and the door unlocked in case of accidents. Then come before his vision midnight burglars and sneak-thieves; so he nags down the window and barricades the door with the washstand. Then he goes to bed, but not to sleep. His watch is looked at every fifteen minutes; he is afraid it may be slow; he fears it may run down; he thinks it may not be in agreement with the railroad time; he is almost sure the clerk will forget he is to be called, or the porter will oversleep himself, and he shall lose the train, after all.

He wants to read but does not dare to do so, lest he should fall asleep and not hear the porter, when he raps at the door. He has an idea of going down-stairs and asking the clerk if he will be sure to have him called at the proper time, when he suddenly remembers the indignant look the said clerk gave him, and the manner in which he answered, "We are always sure to wake people when we promise to do so," somewhat intimates him, and he is compelled to forego that pleasure.

He endeavors to keep awake, and the more he tries to do so the less successful he is, until the sleepy god finally catches him in his clutchess, and—before he is aware of it—he is away in dreamland. Yet not for long, however, for even in his dreams, he is haunted by the fear of being left behind, and that fear is something so terrible that it awakens him to consciousness, and he finds it to be one o'clock, just two hours before the trains leave. He can stand the suspense no longer. He feels assured that the clerk will purposely forget to tell the porter to rap at the appointed hour, in order that he may get a day's board out of him. But he will allow of no such imposition to be practiced upon him. No, he will go and sit in the counting-room to be all ready.

On descending, he finds a dim light burning, several sleepy porters stretched before the fire, who are in no very amiable mood at being disturbed by the traveler's creaky boots. He wonders how they can sleep at all when they knew it was their duty to call people for the trains.

He invariably takes his seat in the cars a half an hour before they start, and asks every one on who passes, and who enters the door, if they are sure this train goes to Suchaplace! He worries the conductor with his queries, for fear he will not have him left at the right station, until the conductor loses what little patience he may be blessed with. Arrived at his journey's end, he slanders all conductors, hotelkeepers, cars, clerks and porters, and acknowledges that his trip has "tired him completely out." It isn't the trip so much as the useless worry he has put himself to.

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F. S. F.

FOOLSCAP PAPERS.

The Toothache.

I HAVE got it.

If there is anybody who thinks I haven't got a four-story toothache with a mansard roof and an addition running back one hundred feet, he is a gentleman, and I am telling a four-story lie—and who's the better for it?

It took me early this morning before I got up, and assisted me to get up—I had a mouthful of toothache and couldn't spit it out.

I really never had anything in my mouth that tasted so bad before in all my life or anybody else's life.

Nothing I eat can take the taste of this toothache out of my mouth.

It has ruined more of my religion than I can earn in six months, and I consider myself a good hand.

It was for a long time that I could not tell just where this toothache was located. I thought it occupied the whole of the State of New York, and I was the State of New York.

This tooth has been jumping as if it was a kangaroo with an extra pair of legs, or a baby jumper; but it hasn't jumped hard enough to jump out of my mouth.

I don't read that Job had the toothache, and am led to conclude that he was a very fortunate individual and much abused by the local chroniclers of that age when they said he had all the ills that flesh is air to.

A man who has the toothache for fifteen minutes feels mean enough to get a divorce from his wife, and don't feel very much interested in the vanities of this world.

I have made several vain attempts to shoot the lively tooth out with my revolver, but have been frustrated by the untimely interference of my wife.

I was born without teeth, and am very sorry that I didn't remain so, and live on hash and skin-milk.

This toothache is the most toothsome disease I ever had, and I would prefer a whole stringful of neuralgias with the rheumatism thrown in for good weight.

I have growled at my wife all day, and scolded the children every hour, and kicked over the cooking-stove, but that didn't do any good.

I tied a string around the tooth and the end to the door knob and gave the door an awful swing, jumping after the door, but the tooth didn't come out, and I was dreadfully put out.

I sent word to the dentist that if he could pull my tooth at his office without requiring my immediate presence I would give him an order on Furgeson for twenty-five dollars.

I have been sitting here for half an hour wondering if dead men ever have anything like the toothache.

I have found that a man with the toothache and to his luggage loses the fine taste which he should possess for the most sentimentally hash that is born in boarding-houses.

If I had half the nerve which this tooth possesses I would thrash half a dozen neighbors with such suddenness they wouldn't know anything about it for a week afterward, when they would be informed by mail.

I put a little clove oil in the hollow of this tooth and turned handsprings about the room, and would be going yet but my wife brought me up by the collar and shook me hard enough to shake the teeth out of my mouth if they had had half an inclination of going.

If the dentist could only get permission of the Legislature to pull my tooth by mail I would give him all the small bones change which my wife has saved this spring.

This tooth is the poorest one I have, and to think I am obliged to suffer all the horrors of a young poet having his first verses refused by an editor, is more than I can bear, and I would like to hire a hand.

FRIENDS AND LOVERS.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

We were friends in youth together
Ere we knew life's meaning deep,
And through bright and stormy weather
We could strongest friendship keep.

But as years went on and showered
You with woman's lovely grace,
And with manhood me empowered,
Leaving of our youth no trace;

Then more cold and distant seeming
Than our good and friendly way,
Each grew shy in silent dreaming,
And said less from day to day;

Till at last, like passion bursting,
When a heart's desire comes true,
Each clasped its toward thirsting
Friendship ripened into lovers!

One lived only for the other,
Life was still all love was kind;
For thearts need now not smother
Kindred feelings of the mind.

But one day a word was spoken
In an idle, careless way,
And returned was every token
On that fatal, ill-starred day.

Friends no more, and now not lovers,
Wander we life alone;
And regret alone now covers
Years that to the past have flown.

Love will ever be uncertain;
Friendship not alone can bind us;
So I draw the mystic curtain
Over the strangers you now find us.

A Quiet Tragedy.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

An unfolded letter lay in Annie Carleton's hands, and by the way her dark gray eyes were very thoughtful fixed on the unwinking prospect outside the window of the dull, dark room, her mother, watching her anxiously from her couch, knew the girl was deciding the question that had come to be the one great question of their life, of late.

Not that it was an affair of love, or marriage, or any such thing; or even that the letter was from a gentleman, which the fine, cramped hand quickly disproved, as well as the signature, "Sarah Moss" at its close,

But that a much more important point was at issue—that of this proposed means by which Annie might earn her own and her mother's daily bread. There had been an advertisement in the *Herald*, and Annie had seen it in the cheerless apartment where she lived, quite by accident—or Fate, she knew it was, in later days; she had answered it in almost hopelessness that any one would need her services, even in the humble capacity of child's nurse.

But an answer had come, offering her the situation of nursery-maid to a little lame girl, at a salary that would make her own afflicted mother perfectly comfortable.

The name of the little lame child was Edith; the place was an hour's ride from the city, at a grand country residence she had heard of somewhere—"Chiseldean," on the banks of a Jersey river.

"You will go, Annie?"

Her mother's voice startled her from her dreams, and the thoughtful gray eyes met, half wistfully, her mother's.

"Certainly; I would go if it were half as promising. And you shall remove from this miserable place the very day I receive my first quarter's salary."

Mrs. Carleton smiled fondly at the girl, and thought how fair she was, with her clear, thin skin, with the delicate blue veins, and the slight flush of tenderest pink on her cheeks; with her pale-gold hair, and heavy dark gold lashes, and well-arched brows, under which the gray eyes lay like calm, clear wells.

She was a fair, girlish girl, who in eighteen years had seen very much of trouble and poverty and stern discipline of self; who, in all the eighteen years, had never had a lover, or met, with her beautiful eyes, a pair of masculine ones that had even troubled her with the second thought. A gentle, patient, thoughtful girl, utterly forgetful of self, untiring in watchful care of her invalid mother, there could have been selected for the little unknown Edith at Chiseldean no better companion than this Annie Carleton, whose life romance began the hour she applied for the position she received so unexpectedly.

That afternoon she made her few preparations for her departure in the morning; and her mother was unusually cheerful, even gay, as she mended daintily a tiny lace ruffle, or basted fresh linen in the plain, pretty chintz dresses Annie would wear on duty.

"You'll be despising calico soon, Annie, I expect, and the second quarter you'll be wearing your best dresses for common, I suppose, and having a silk for Sundays."

"I don't care for dress much, you know, mother" was her quiet reply.

"But you will—at such a stylish place as Chiseldean. Why, there'll be no end of company, I dare say—gentlemen, too, Annie, rich and handsome. Who knows but that you might have a lover among them, child?"

The pink flush on Annie's face never deepened a tint. And her mother went on:

"Stranger things have happened; and for all you're to be only a child's nurse, Annie, don't you ever forget you're fit for any man."

And so, with this parting advice, Annie Carleton started for Chiseldean—a quiet, half-shy girl, with the face of an angel, so pure, so innocent, so full of expectation.

Her train was crowded, and there was not an empty seat, and she stood a moment in the aisle, looking vainly for a place; then gentleman arose, with a bow and a glance of admiration in his eyes, and gave her his.

Of course Annie thanked him, and took it, and the gentleman lounged carelessly against the seat in front, just where Annie could see how handsome he was, and where, once or twice, their eyes met, very accidentally.

At Chiseldean, the courteous stranger assisted Annie to alight; and lifted his hat and smiled, as the train steamed on.

It was only an episode—a very trifling one; and Annie, though her cheeks were faintly flushed, forgot it all when she found the Chiseldean carriage had been sent to meet her.

It seemed like a sudden transformation into fairyland—this new life at Chiseldean; and Annie wondered how ever it had fallen to her lot to be so contentedly happy.

There were such elegant little *tete-a-tete* dinners with Edith, to whom nothing was denied that money could purchase; there were daily drives in the shady park, and boating on the lake, and long, delightful hours to herself, when she was free as air to wander around the grounds, or enjoy the grand library, or loiter in her room—a dainty, cool, shaded place.

Then the company—an ever-flowing stream of guests, that changed like a kaleidoscope. Women with a new toilet twice a day; children dressed like fashion-plates, and waisted on by bonnets in French caps; gentlemen who rode, and shot, and fished, and played billiards

and danced; but never one—*never* one, as handsome as the cavalier of the train, whose dark eyes had haunted Annie more times than she would have liked to confess.

She knew the names of the guests—Edith kept her posted, and everybody was kind to her—with an aristocratic way that hid the patronizing manner, and Annie had come to think her mother's prophecy might come true, after all, only—only, those other dark eyes were forever in her mind.

Some such reverie as this was disturbing Annie as she tied Edith's sash, one cool, bright September day, until the child's voice dispelled it:

"Take extra pains, Annie, will you? 'Cause Mr. Helmsleigh's coming to-day, and he always calls me his wife. Oh, I like him, Annie—awful! You ought just to see his mustache—blacker'n ink."

Annie laughed; then the force of the child's words suddenly struck her—a mustache—black! A quick throb of her heart, then a half sneer at her foolishness; as if there were not thousands of black mustaches besides—his.

At five o'clock that day, Edith insisted on being driven down to the depot in the carriage that was to meet Mr. Helmsleigh; and of course Annie was in attendance—neat, trim, pretty, graceful and self-possessed, until Edith called out, vehemently, as they watched the passengers alight:

"Oh—there he is! there he is!"

And then the warm color flushed Annie's face, and her eyes told their glad surprise to the handsome gentleman who had hurried to the carriage, something like satisfaction on his face as he raised his hat to her, and took Edith up in his arms.

"Ain't I glad you've come, Mr. Helmsleigh!—see me and Annie ain't been to the Glen yet, and we'll take us—won't you?"

Helmsleigh laughed as he turned to Annie:

"Allow me to accept the introduction, Miss Annie, and to assure you I am pleased you remembered me. I am Edward Helmsleigh."

That was the second episode, and then—oh, so soon, so fast, Annie found her whole heart was lost to this handsome guest of the Moss' at Chiseldean; this gentleman who managed so often to see her, in such unexpected places, at such unexpected times.

Then, tiny little bouquets came to her by the footman, who reserved his knowing grins until his back was turned on the gentle, happy-faced, whose life seemed more a fairy's dream than ever.

Somehow—Annie herself could not tell how; she never stopped to reason it out—but somehow it came to be quite the programme for her to walk down the laurel avenue every night about half-past eight, and for Mr. Helmsleigh to meet her; and then, arm-in-arm they would walk to and fro, and Annie would listen to such sweet words—not quite an avowal of love, oh, no, it was not time for that, yet, but to such tender, dainty flattery, and such blissful questioning, that, whether she positively answered them or no, certainly left no doubt in the gentleman's mind of the girl's thorough, ardent love for him.

Then—several times he had stolen a kiss from her; once, he had called her "darling," and then—in all the full glow of her exquisite happiness, she had written such a hopeful, eloquent letter to her mother, telling her the prophecy might come true yet, and bidding her wait only a fortnight longer, when the holiday came, and she would come home and tell her all.

Such dreams as little Annie dreamed, walking and sleeping. Dreams of the engagement-ring for the finger Mr. Helmsleigh had said was so white and tapering; dreams of the time, somewhere in the rosy future, when she would be even happier than now.

The fortnight slipped by on angel's wings. Days of anticipation, and the meetings every evening, now under the honeysuckle arbor, now on the shaded banks of the lake, now in the avenue of beeches—it was alike to Annie, since she leaned on her lover's arm, and listened to his low, sweet voice.

This night—the very last before Annie was to visit home—she had gone down to the lake-shore as usual; not to wait for him, but to find him, pacing to and fro, as if impatient of her slightest delay.

"I am so glad you've come, Annie—so glad. I've been waiting half an hour, and I had something to tell you."

Her heart gave a flutter of rapture as he kissed her white forehead.

"I have been wondering what I shall do without you, little girl—for my visit is up to-morrow."

She grasped his arm, with a little involuntary cry.

"To-morrow!"

"Yes—so soon. And I have been so happy with you, dear, that to go back to everyday life again, with no more of these delightful evenings, seems more than I can welcome. But New York and Chiseldean are very different places."

A strange feeling, whether pain or not she could not define, arose in the girl's heart, as she lifted her sweet gray eyes, so full of mute idolatry, to his.

"My home is in New York, too, Mr. Helmsleigh. If you—" She hesitated, and Helmsleigh smiled—one of his beautiful smiles, that invariably stirred her to her very heart's core.

"You are thoughtful, my dear; but I think it best that the end should come where it begins—here. If I should visit you in New York, it might be awkward, you know. My wife will be back from Europe."

Her white, horrified face was suddenly lit up, a living petrification, to his.

"Your—your—what?"

"The fact of my wife's existence has made no difference to our little idyl; I know you will forgive me that I could not help loving you."

A cold, trembling hand bade him stop; for life of him he dared not disobey the gesture.

"Please go—right away!"

It came in gasps—in a low, agonized tone that he never forgot; he looked at her scared, anguished face, at her horror-stricken eyes; then turned away, and left her alone to her sorrow, her stinging, scorching sorrow.

For an hour she paced up and down, silent, tearless as a marble statue; then sounds of music and dancing came in the night air over the waters of the quiet lake; and with the sound aroused all the fullness of the agony in her heart; awoke all the sense of utter desolation, all the consciousness of the deliberate wrong done her, until heart and head could endure the pain no longer; and then—

The young lady and gentleman had a *tete-a-tete* dinner that day; for Margaret was a half boarder at the Cliftonlea Female Academy, and always dined there; and before the meal was over, they were chatting away with the familiarity of old friends. At first, Mademoiselle Vivie was inclined to treat Master Tom with dignified reserve; but his animated volatility and determination to be on cordial terms were not to be resisted; and they rose from the table the best friends in the world.

To visit Cliftonlea without going to Castle Cliffe was like visiting Rome without going to St. Peter's. All sight-seers went there, and Edward Helmsleigh, who had left hours before on the train, could have told why Annie Carleton's stiffened form was found under the waters of the lake.

Months afterward, he heard the story, and

from the hour he learned what he had wrought, his hair began to turn to gray—fit tribute to the pitiful doom of the heart-broken girl.

And the mother, heart-broken, accepted the common report—that Annie had fallen in and drowned, and reads and reads the letter the girl sent her in all the flush and glory of her heart's great love—the only comfort left her.

Victoria:
OR,
THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE CLIFFE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL MYSTERY," "THE RIVAL BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.
CASTLE CLIFFE.

LADY AGNES was not an early riser. Noon usually found her breakfasting in her boudoir; but on this particular morning she was sailing down stairs, to the infinite astonishment and amazement of all beholders, just as the little French clock in the breakfast-parlor was chiming eight. Genevieve sat on an ottoman opposite the mantel, with a porcelain bowl on her lap, a silver spoon in her hand, gazing intently at the portrait, and feasting her eyes and her palate at the same time. She started up as Lady Agnes entered with a smiling courtesy, and came forward with frank grace, holding up her blooming cheeks to be saluted.

"Good-morning, *petite!* Fresh as a rosebud, I see! So you are up and out of your nest before the birds this morning! Was it because you did not sleep well last night?"

"Oh no, madam. I slept very well; but I always rise early. It is not wrong, is it?"

"By no means. I like to see little girls up with the sun. Well, Tom, good-morning!"

"Can I believe my eyes?" exclaimed Tom Shirley, entering, and starting back in affected horror at the sight. "Do I really behold my aunt Agnes, or is this her ghost?"

"Oh, nonsense. Ring the bell. Have you seen the colonel? Oh here he comes. Have you ordered the carriage to be in readiness, Cliffe?"

"Yes. What is the bill of fare for to-day?"

"You know we are to return all those calls such a bore, too! and this the first day of our little girl's stay among us! What will you do all day, my dear?"

"Oh, she will amuse herself, never fear," said the colonel.

"Margaret! Absurd! Margaret couldn't show it any more than a cat. Tom, can you not get a half-holiday this afternoon, and show cousin Victoria over the house?"

"Certainly; if that young gentlewoman herself does not object," said Tom, butting his roll with gravity.

The small gentlewoman in question, standing in the middle of the floor, in her white dress, and blue ribbons, and flaxen curls falling to her waist, did not object, though had Margaret been decided upon as chaperon, she probably would have done so. Both cousins had been met last night for the first time; but her feelings toward them were quite different. Toward Tom they were negative; she did not like him, but she did not care for him one way or the other. Toward Margaret they were positive repulsion, and expressed exactly what she felt toward that young person. Still she looked a little doubtful as to the propriety of being chaperoned by a great boy six feet high; but grandmother suggested it, and papa was smiling over at her, so there could be no impropriety, and she courtesied gravely as she entered the same moment, arrayed in pink muslin. She passed mademoiselle with a low "Good-morning, cousin Genevieve!" and took her place at the table.

"Won't you stay and take a cup of coffee and a pistole with us?" called her father after her, as she stood in the hall, balancing herself on one foot, and beating time *a la militaire* with the other.

"No, papa, thank you; I never drink coffee. We always had bread and milk for breakfast in the convent."

"Well, if she is dead, I suppose she can't have her portrait taken very easily, and that accounts! And now, as I'm about tired of going from one room to another, suppose we go out and have a look at the old convent I promised to show you. What do you think of the house?"

"It's a very great place!"

"And the Clifffes have been very great people in their time, too; and are yet, for that matter, best blood in Sussex, not to say in all England."

"Are you a Cliffe?"

"No—more's the pity! I am nothing but a Shirley!"

"Is that girl?"

"What girl?"

"Mademoiselle Marguerite. We three are cousins, I know, but I can't quite understand it!"

"Well, look here, then, and I'll demonstrate it so that even your low capacity can grapple with the subject. Once upon a time, there were three brothers by the name of Shirley: the oldest married Lady Agnes Cliffe, and he is dead; the second married my mother, and they're both dead; the third married Mademoiselle Marguerite's mother, and they're both dead, too—dying was a bad habit the Shirleys had. Don't you see—it's as clear as mud!"

"I see! and that is why you both live here."

was a perfect miracle of Arabian beauty, snowy white, slender-limbed, arched-necked, fiery-eyed, full of spirit, yet gentle as a lamb to a master-hand. It was a present from Sir Roland to the heiress of Castle Cliffe, and had been christened by that small young lady "Claude"—a title which Tom indignantly repudiated for its former one of "Leicester." The girl and boy were bound for a gallop to Sir Roland's home, Cliffwood, a distance of some seven miles; and while Tom stood holding in the impatient ponies, the massive hall door was thrown open by the obsequious porter, and the heiress herself tripped out.

Tom had very gallantly told her once that the rope dancer was a thousand times prettier than she; but looking at her now, as she stood for one moment on the topmost step, he cried inwardly, "Peccavi!" and repented.

Certainly, nothing could have been lovelier—the light, slender figure in an exquisitely-fitting habit of blue; yellow gauntlets on the fairy hands, one of which lightly lifted her flowing skirt, and the other posing the most exquisite of riding-whips, the fiery lances of sunshine glancing through the sunny curls flowing to the waist, the small black riding hat and waving plume tied with azure ribbons; the sunlight flashing in her bright blue eyes, and kissing the rose-tint on her pearl-like cheeks.

Yes, Victoria Shirley was pretty—a very different-looking girl from the pale, dim, colorless Genevieve who had arrived a little over a week before.

And, as she came tripping down the steps, planting one dainty foot in Tom's palm, and springing easily into her saddle, his boy's heart gave a quick bound, and his pulses an electric thrill. He leaped on his own horse; the girl smilingly kissed the tips of her yellow gauntlets to Lady Agnes in her chamber window, and they dashed away in the teeth of the wind, her curls waving behind like a golden banner. Vivian rode well—it was an accomplishment she had learned in France; the immense iron gates under the lofty stone arch split open at their approach, and away they dashed through Cliftonlea. All the town flew to the doors and windows, and gazed, in profound admiration and envy, after the twain as they flew by—the bold, dark-eyed, dark-haired, manly boy, and the delicate fairy, with the blue eyes and golden hair, beside him. The high wind deepened the roses and brightened the light in Vivian's eyes, until she was glowing like a second Aurora when they leaped off their horses at the villa's gates.

This villa was a pretty place—a very pretty place, but painfully new, for which reason Vivian did not like it all. The grounds were spacious and beautifully laid out; the villa was a *chef d'œuvre* of Gothic architecture; but it had been built by Sir Roland himself, and nobody ever thought of coming to see it.

Sir Roland did not care, for he liked comfort a great deal better than historic interest and leaky roofs, and told Lady Agnes, with a good-natured laugh, when she spoke of it in her scornful way, that she might live in her old ruined convent if she liked, but he would stick to his commodious villa. Now he came down the grassy lawn to meet them, and welcomed them with cordiality; for the new heiress was an immense favorite of his already.

"Aunt Agnes thought it would do Vic good to gallop over," said Tom, switching his boot with his whip. "So here we are. But you needn't invite us to stay; for, as this is Saturday afternoon, you know it couldn't be heard of."

"Oh, yes!" said Vic—a name which Tom had adopted for shortness; "we ought to go right back; for Tom is going to show me something wonderful down on the shore. Why, uncle Roland, what is this?"

They had entered a high, cool hall, with glass doors thrown open at each end, showing a sweeping vista of lawns, and terraces, and shrubbery, rich with statues and portraits; and before one of these the speaker had made so sudden a halt that the two others stopped also. It was a picture, in a splendid frame, of a little boy some eight years old, with long, bright curly hair, much the same as her own; blue eyes, too, but so much darker than hers that they seemed almost black; the straight, delicate features characteristic of the Cliffe's, and a smile like an angel's. It was really a beautiful face—much more so than her own; and the girl clasped her hands in her peculiar manner, and looked at it in a perfect ecstasy.

"Why?" Tom was beginning impetuously, "where did you—" when Sir Roland, smilingly, caught his arm and interposed.

"Hold your tongue, Tom. Little boys should be seen and not heard. Well, Vic, do you know who that is?"

"It looks like—it does look like—a little doubtfully, though—"my papa."

"So it does; the forehead, and mouth, and hair are alike, exactly. But it is not your papa. Guess again."

"Oh, I can't. I hate guessing. Tell me who it is."

"It is a portrait of my stepson, Leicester, taken when a child; and the reason you never saw it before is, it has been getting new-framed. Good-looking little fellow, eh?"

"Oh, it is beautiful! It is an angel!"

Sir Roland and Tom both laughed, but Tom's was a perfect shout.

"Leicester Cliffe is an angel! Oh, ye gods! won't I tell him the next time I see him; and he the veriest scamp that ever flogged a fag!"

"Nothing of the kind, Vic!" said Sir Roland, as Vic colored with mortification.

"Leicester is an excellent fellow; and when he comes home, you and he will be capital friends, I'm sure."

Vic brightened up immediately.

"And when will he be home, uncle Roland?"

"That's uncertain—perhaps at Christmas."

"Is he old?"

"Considerably stricken in years, but not quite as old as Methuselah's cat," struck in Tom. "He is eighteen."

"Does he look like that now?"

"Except that all those young lady-like curlis, and that innocent expression, and those short jackets are gone, he does; and then he is as tall as a May-pole, or as Tom Shirley. Come in and have lunch."

Sir Roland led the way; and after luncheon the cousins mounted their horses and rode to the Castle. The sun was setting in an orange glow of crimson and black, and the wind had risen to a perfect gale, but Tom insisted on his cousin accompanying him to the shore, nevertheless.

"I won't be able to show the Dev—I mean the Demon's Tower, until next Saturday, unless you come now; so be off, Vic, and change your dress. It is worth going to see, I can tell you!"

Vic, nothing loth, flew up the great oaken staircase with its gilded balustrade, to her own beautiful room, and soon reappeared in a gay silk robe and black velvet basque. As she joined Tom in the avenue, she recollects, in surprise and displeasure, to see that Margaret was with him.

"Don't be cross, Vic," whispered Tom, giving her a coaxing pinch. "She was sitting grinning like an old hen with the distemper,

under the trees, and I thought it would be only an act of Christian politeness to ask her. Come on, she won't eat you; come on, Mag!"

Tom's long legs measured off the ground as if he were shot with seven-leaved boots; and the two girls, running breathlessly at his side, had enough to do to keep up with him. The shore was about a half-mile distant, but he knew lots of short cuts through the trees; and before long they were on the sands and scrambling over the rocks. Tom holding Vic's hand, and Margaret making her way in the best manner she could, with now and then an encouraging word from him. The sky looked dark and menacing; the wind raged over the heaving sea, and the surf washed the rocks, far out, in great billows of foam.

"Look there!" said Tom, pointing to something that really looked like a huge mass of stone tower. "That's the Demon's Tower, and they call that the Storm Bar beyond it. We can walk to it now, because the tide is low, but any one caught there at high water would be drowned for certain, unless it was an uncommon swimmer. There's no danger now, though, as it's far out. So make haste, and the heires herself tripped out.

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Certainly, nothing could have been lovelier—the light, slender figure in an exquisitely-fitting habit of blue; yellow gauntlets on the fairy hands, one of which lightly lifted her flowing skirt, and the other posing the most exquisite of riding-whips, the fiery lances of sunshine glancing through the sunny curls flowing to the waist, the small black riding hat and waving plume tied with azure ribbons; the sunlight flashing in her bright blue eyes, and kissing the rose-tint on her pearl-like cheeks.

Yes, Victoria Shirley was pretty—a very different-looking girl from the pale, dim, colorless Genevieve who had arrived a little over a week before.

And, as she came tripping down the steps, planting one dainty foot in Tom's palm, and springing easily into her saddle, his boy's heart gave a quick bound, and his pulses an electric thrill. He leaped on his own horse;

the girl smilingly kissed the tips of her yellow gauntlets to Lady Agnes in her chamber window, and they dashed away in the teeth of the wind, her curls waving behind like a golden banner. Vivian rode well—it was an accomplishment she had learned in France; the immense iron gates under the lofty stone arch split open at their approach, and away they dashed through Cliftonlea. All the town flew to the doors and windows, and gazed, in profound admiration and envy, after the twain as they flew by—the bold, dark-eyed, dark-haired, manly boy, and the delicate fairy, with the blue eyes and golden hair, beside him. The high wind deepened the roses and brightened the light in Vivian's eyes, until she was glowing like a second Aurora when they leaped off their horses at the villa's gates.

This villa was a pretty place—a very pretty place, but painfully new, for which reason Vivian did not like it all. The grounds were spacious and beautifully laid out; the villa was a *chef d'œuvre* of Gothic architecture; but it had been built by Sir Roland himself, and nobody ever thought of coming to see it.

Sir Roland did not care, for he liked comfort a great deal better than historic interest and leaky roofs, and told Lady Agnes, with a good-natured laugh, when she spoke of it in her scornful way, that she might live in her old ruined convent if she liked, but he would stick to his commodious villa. Now he came down the grassy lawn to meet them, and welcomed them with cordiality; for the new heiress was an immense favorite of his already.

"Aunt Agnes thought it would do Vic good to gallop over," said Tom, switching his boot with his whip. "So here we are. But you needn't invite us to stay; for, as this is Saturday afternoon, you know it couldn't be heard of."

"Oh, yes!" said Vic—a name which Tom had adopted for shortness; "we ought to go right back; for Tom is going to show me something wonderful down on the shore. Why, uncle Roland, what is this?"

They had entered a high, cool hall, with glass doors thrown open at each end, showing a sweeping vista of lawns, and terraces, and shrubbery, rich with statues and portraits; and before one of these the speaker had made so sudden a halt that the two others stopped also. It was a picture, in a splendid frame, of a little boy some eight years old, with long, bright curly hair, much the same as her own; blue eyes, too, but so much darker than hers that they seemed almost black; the straight, delicate features characteristic of the Cliffe's, and a smile like an angel's. It was really a beautiful face—much more so than her own; and the girl clasped her hands in her peculiar manner, and looked at it in a perfect ecstasy.

"Why?" Tom was beginning impetuously, "where did you—" when Sir Roland, smilingly, caught his arm and interposed.

"Hold your tongue, Tom. Little boys should be seen and not heard. Well, Vic, do you know who that is?"

"It looks like—it does look like—a little doubtfully, though—"my papa."

"So it does; the forehead, and mouth, and hair are alike, exactly. But it is not your papa. Guess again."

"Oh, I can't. I hate guessing. Tell me who it is."

"It is a portrait of my stepson, Leicester, taken when a child; and the reason you never saw it before is, it has been getting new-framed. Good-looking little fellow, eh?"

"Oh, it is beautiful! It is an angel!"

Sir Roland and Tom both laughed, but Tom's was a perfect shout.

"Leicester Cliffe is an angel! Oh, ye gods! won't I tell him the next time I see him; and he the veriest scamp that ever flogged a fag!"

"Nothing of the kind, Vic!" said Sir Roland, as Vic colored with mortification.

"Leicester is an excellent fellow; and when he comes home, you and he will be capital friends, I'm sure."

Vic brightened up immediately.

"And when will he be home, uncle Roland?"

"That's uncertain—perhaps at Christmas."

"Is he old?"

"Considerably stricken in years, but not quite as old as Methuselah's cat," struck in Tom. "He is eighteen."

"Does he look like that now?"

"Except that all those young lady-like curlis, and that innocent expression, and those short jackets are gone, he does; and then he is as tall as a May-pole, or as Tom Shirley. Come in and have lunch."

Sir Roland led the way; and after luncheon the cousins mounted their horses and rode to the Castle. The sun was setting in an orange glow of crimson and black, and the wind had risen to a perfect gale, but Tom insisted on his cousin accompanying him to the shore, nevertheless.

"I won't be able to show the Dev—I mean the Demon's Tower, until next Saturday, unless you come now; so be off, Vic, and change your dress. It is worth going to see, I can tell you!"

Vic, nothing loth, flew up the great oaken staircase with its gilded balustrade, to her own beautiful room, and soon reappeared in a gay silk robe and black velvet basque. As she joined Tom in the avenue, she recollects, in surprise and displeasure, to see that Margaret was with him.

"Don't be cross, Vic," whispered Tom, giving her a coaxing pinch. "She was sitting grinning like an old hen with the distemper,

DECEIVING AND DECEIVED.

BY N.—

*Cupid, his victims to beguile,
(The huntsman shrewd!) to convert bies;
He masks his arts 'neath Beauty's smile,
And darts his shafts from Beauty's eyes.*

THE OTHER.

*But when the rogue is hunting dears,
In lieu of flag for stalking deer,
A mustache glossy calms their fears,
As curiously they draw near.*

BOTH.

*Tis thus, deceiving and deceived,
By mutual arts they lure each other:
Both laught to think their wiles believed,
Till Cupid links the fools together.*

RED ROB.

The Boy Road-Agent.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "BOWIE-KNIFE EEN," "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

ZELLA AT THE GROTTO.

A WAIL AS IF OF AGONY BURST FROM THE LIPS OF THE negro boy, Slyly, when he saw Asa Sheridan stagger and fall in a dead faint in the mountain grotto, whither he had just conducted him.

"Oh, de good Lord hab macy!" the youth cried, rolling upon the earth and tearing at his head as though a nest of hornets had attacked him; "what will dis po' nigger boy do? He's dead sure as de Lord's in heaben, and de young missus told me—boohoo!—Oh, de Lord hab macy!"

A thought appeared to enter the youth's mind all at once, and, springing to his feet, he glided out of the grotto, and sped away down the mountain steep with all the speed of a Tyrolean youth on his native Alps.

But a brief period had elapsed ere he returned, followed by a female.

A cry of joy burst from the boy's lips, and he executed a leap into the air that would have done credit to a gymnast, as he entered the grotto. For in the dim glow of the light he had left burning in the retreat he saw that Sheridan had recovered from his swoon, and was standing, laughing and breathing, in the mountain grotto, which was filled with the sound of the waves breaking on the rocks.

"Oh, Missus Zella!" he shouted, clapping his hands in an excess of joy; "de young man's come to—he's alive again. Ki-yi, missus, and arn't dis nigger chile tickled plum to death!"

"You were wounded were you, stranger?" asked the sweet, low voice of the woman, advancing toward the young man, and pushing back the shawl that was thrown hoolike over her head.

Sheridan raised his eyes and beheld the beautiful face that he had seen at the window of the "judgment hall," the face of the angel, who had been instrumental in delivering him from the dungeon of the ruins. A thrill of indecribable joy shot through his whole frame, and his heart took new courage and grew stronger in that feeling which the first glimpse of her fair face had awakened within it.

The sweet, blue eyes of the girl looked down upon him with a light of angelic serenity shining from their azure depths. The pretty face was flushed and clothed in an expression of the greatest anxiety. She was excited and nearly out of breath, in consequence of her hasty ascent of the steep mountain side.

Sheridan comprehended the whole situation at a glance. Frightened by his fainting, Slyly had hurried away and brought his young mistress there; and seeing the maiden was alarmed, the wounded man hastened to relieve her of her fears.

"Yes," he replied, with an air of relief, "I received a rifle-wound as I sped across the open space, between the ruins and the chapparal, at the foot of the mountains.

"The tide is low," said Zella, "and the waves are high; but I am afraid the water will be high when we get to the beach."

"I am afraid," said Sheridan, "that the waves will be high when we get to the beach."

"I am afraid," said Zella, "that the waves will be high when we get to the beach."

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"I am afraid," said Sheridan, "that the waves will be high when we get to the beach."

have fled last night from the ruins to the Navajo agency."

"And what was that one thing, Zella?"

"The promise I made you—to come back and tell you of your friends and of the 'Phantom Aztecs'."

"Heaven bless you, girl! I would have died here waiting for you," Sheridan said, crossing the grotto and seating himself by her side. "Zella, I cannot keep back the emotions of my heart longer—not if you despise me for my boldness. But to be plain, Zella, I love you—I loved you from the moment I first saw your face at the window of the 'judgment hall.' Zella, it would be all I could wish for on earth to know that my love is reciprocated."

"Asa," she replied—it was the first time she had addressed him thus—"perhaps if you were away from here, and were to calmly think over the little you know of me, you would change your mind and love."

"Never, Zella," he replied, half desponding, half hopeful; "I am not a boy; I know my heart. Your situation, dear girl, makes my love all the stronger."

"But I have been reared as the daughter of a Spaniard, and that Spaniard is the leader of as notorious a set of outlaws as ever existed."

"I care not for that, either. As I told you before—as this letter tells me—you could not help your situation."

"But what do you know of me—of my character?" she asked.

"Purity and innocence are written upon your brow, upon your heart, and upon your soul. Zella, my own heart's instinct tells me this."

"God knows," she said, sadly, "I have lived a spotless life despite the society I have lived in. For ten years I lived with a Spanish lady at Albuquerque who was a mother to me in every respect. She sent me to a Catholic school, where I obtained a liberal education. As she had no children of her own, she wanted to adopt me, but my father objected, and finally dragged me off away up here, where, for some two or three years, he has been the leader of a gang of robbers—nearly all Spanish-Mexicans, who for cruelty to captives have no equal. They have traps set all through the mountains for wild animals, and whenever a bear or panther is caught, they secure it and shut it up until they can capture an innocent miner or hunter, when the two are thrown together in that horrible 'tiger-pit.' But one thing can be said to the credit of these bad men: they have never, by word or act, offered me the least insult, or uttered an immodest word in my presence. On the contrary, all seemed to vie with each other in their endeavors to make me happy and comfortable in those dismal old ruins. My supposed father told me that I was a little child when he stole me away from my father. He said my mother was dead, but he refused to tell me where my father lived, and what his name is. But to come briefly to the point, I have been living these years with a band of lawless men, and could you, Asa, conscientiously wed such a woman?"

"This detracts nothing from my love for you, Zella. The sweetest flowers bloom amid the thorniest thistles. I know whereof I speak. My love is no boisterous infatuation. For five days have I been studying this matter over, and my only fears were that you would not return to me here. I longed to lay bare my heart's love. I have now done so, and with this confession of love, Zella, I will repeat the question: will you be my wife—mine to love always—mine to cherish and protect from this cold, cruel world?"

The maiden's eyes drooped shyly. A deep flush suffused her face; her lips quivered with the joyous emotion of her young heart, and in a low, tremulous tone, said:

"Asa, my heart is yours."

Asa's heart gave a great bound of joy. He took her little brown hand in his, and drawing her closer to his wildly-throbbing breast, imprinted upon her warm, ripe red lips, the seal of their betrothal.

A deep silence succeeded, and joy reigned supreme within that mountain grotto. Never did two hearts beat more joyously in reciprocal love. For several moments they sat motionless and silent as if listening to the responsive yet silent communion going on between their hearts. The past, the present and the future with all their sorrows and dangers, were forgotten in that moment of sweet, rapturous bliss.

But this holy silence was suddenly broken—broken by the sound of footsteps ascending the rocky acclivity. The next moment a sombrero appeared within sight above the stony ledge in front of the mouth of the grotto, and beneath the hat appeared the dark, sinuous eyes and wicked face of Leopold Hamalado, whom Asa at once recognized as the judge of the "Phantom Aztecs."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 266.)

glanced at the twin sisters with the eyes of a baffled tiger. With his own weapons he had been foiled.

"Can anybody tell me which is Eve?" Mr. Hazelwood inquired, looking from face to face. "Monsieur D'Arville, I leave it to you!"

"What resemblance can baffle love, blind though it be? Over one face, drooping and downcast, a blush and a smile was dawning. That was the face of his darling. The likeness might baffle others—it never could baffle him again. The faces were the same in every iota, but the world held only one Eve for him. He was beside her in a moment, with outstretched hands.

"Eve!" he exclaimed, "can you ever forgive me? I have been cruel, unjust and ungenerous; but think how they deceived me! I do not deserve pardon, but still I hope!"

"Hope on, hope ever!" Eve said, brightly, laying both hands in his; "I forgive you and everyone else on this happy day!"

"That's very good," said Mr. Hazelwood, stroking his mustache; "I thought you would find out Eve, Monsieur D'Arville! And now, Rose, I think you have a word to say: Did you ever see that gentleman there before?"

He pointed to Paul Schaffer, and the young girl shrank away, visibly with the same cowed and frightened look.

"Oh, yes," she said, clinging to her father; "I have seen him often."

"Where? Speak out, Rosie; no one shall hurt you now."

"I saw him in Canada first. He brought grandmother and I to England, and used to visit us often in the village."

"Did you ever meet him anywhere besides in the village?"

"Once, in the grounds here. It was one moonlight night last week. He called me Eve, and he made me say that—"

"That you loved him, eh?"

"Yes," Rose said, coloring, "and a great many other things I did not like."

"That will do. And now, my lord, what say you to all this?"

Mr. Hazelwood turned to the half-open door, where two gentlemen had been standing, unobserved lookers-on. Both advanced with the words he spoke, and one was Lord Lansdowne, the other the vicar of the parish.

"It is more like the last act of a drama than a scene in every-day life," answered his lordship; "it seems to have been diamond-cut diamond all through the piece."

"A most surprising affair, truly," said the clergyman, looking through his spectacles at the twin sisters; "I should never know one of these young ladies from the other. As his lordship remarks, it is more like a drama than anything else."

"And dramas always ended in marriages in my theater-going days," said Mr. Hazelwood; "so suppose we be consistent to the end. Mr. Vicar, get your book. My lord, will you be best man? Rose, will you be bridemaid, and I am here in *parentis* to give the bride away. I am sure Mr. Schaffer and Miss Forest will be delighted to witness an impromptu wedding, even though there be no breakfast. Stand forward, D'Arville. Make sure of Eve this time, lest you should lose her again."

It was all so stirringly sudden that neither Paul Schaffer nor Una Forest could do other than look on, and wonder whether they were awake or asleep. The vicar produced book and stole. Claude D'Arville stepped forward, holding Eve by the hand. Rose and Lord Lansdowne took their places, and the ceremony began. "Will thou take," etc., was twice asked, and answered, and in one moment there were no longer two Miss Hazelwoods in the room, for one of them was Madame Claude D'Arville.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PARTING PEEP.

Yes, they were married; nothing but death could separate them more. And Mr. Hazelwood turned to Paul Schaffer, the baffled plotter, with his quiet smile of power.

"You see, Mr. Schaffer, our life-drama has ended like any other drama, in a marriage; the villain of the play has been foiled, and the hero and heroine reign triumphant. There is nothing more; the curtain must fall now; and, before it drops, allow me, in the name of the company, to bid you a very good-morning, and a pleasant trip back to Canada. Shall I ring for a servant to show you out, or do you know the way yourself?"

"I shall save you the trouble, Mr. Conway Hazlewood, or Señor Mendez, or whatever your name may be," said Mr. Schaffer, with an evil sneer, "and I beg your pretty daughter to understand I shall not die of a broken heart, though I have lost her. Farewell, Miss Forest; I am sorry for you; you have lost your love as well as I, but let the ex-scholar go. There are as good fish in the sea, you know, as ever were caught."

He was gone while he spoke. Eve dared not look at him; but D'Arville opened his eyes to their widest extent, as he fixed them on her striking figure.

"What does he mean?" she slowly asked; "why he alluded to me."

Conway Hazlewood laughed.

"Never mind, D'Arville; you have got all you want, so be satisfied and ask no questions. Look up, Una; there is balm in Gilead yet, and we will let bygones be bygones on this eventful morning. Won't you come over and wish Eve joy?"

She dared not refuse. But the white face had never been so white before, and the lips that spoke trembled. Eve's embrace was as pitiful and tender as it was sincere.

"We will always be friends, cousin Una," she said, "and that miserable night and day will be as if it had never been. Where is Hazel?"

"In her own room. She is not very well," said Una, extricating herself from Eve's arms, and shrinking into the corner again.

"I must go to her, Claude. Poor dear Hazel!"

"Not just at once, if you please, Mrs. D'Arville," said her father; "we have not quite done with you yet. Just take this paper, and when you have cast your eye over it, pass it to your husband."

Mr. Conway Hazlewood resides on his Cuban estate, but he has been to England to see his little namesake, and he has made his will and has left Master Conway D'Arville all he possesses. He is not an old man, but he never will marry—he is happy enough in his peaceful latter life to atone for his tragic and bereaved youth.

Eve is in Cuba, too, the bride of a wealthy creole planter, and a near neighbor of her father's. Her old grandmother lives with her.

"Your wedding-portion, my dear. A free gift of Hazelwood to you and Mr. D'Arville. There! no thanks; I don't want it. I infinitely prefer my Cuban estate, whether I am going next week, and intend taking Rose with me."

"And what am I to do? Where am I to go?" helplessly began Arthur Hazelwood.

"Very true. It seems rather a pity to turn you and Una out, doesn't it? Eve, what is to be done with this uncle and cousin of yours? The place is your own now, and you must decide."

"Then let everything be as it was! Oh, father! I could never be happy here if they had

left it to make room for me. Uncle Arthur, cousin Una, I shall take it as the greatest favor if you will stay here always, and let things go on for the future as they have done in the past."

Mr. Arthur Hazelwood looked inexpressibly relieved, and Una bowed with averted face. Truly, Eve was heaping coals of fire on her head.

"You're a good girl, Eve," her father said, (and D'Arville smiled approval too), "and it might baffle others—it never could baffle him again. The faces were the same in every iota, but the world held only one Eve for him. He was beside her in a moment, with outstretched hands.

"I should like to go, too," Eve said, wistfully. "I don't want to be separated from you all so soon."

"You ungrateful little minx! what do you think of that speech, Mr. Bridegroom?"

"I think it perfectly natural, monsieur! Eve will be very lonely here, I am afraid, if you carry off her sister and cousin so soon."

"And I want to see Cuba so much," pleaded Eve, "and Hazel would give a year of her life for a walk down Broadway again. Let us go with you, father—please do."

Nobody could resist that "please;" no heart less hard than the other millstone, the kiss that accompanied it. Mr. Hazelwood laughed, and pushed her back to D'Arville.

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A CUTTING EPISTLE.

BY J. W. JOY, JR.

I never loved you very well—
(A lie; I loved her very dearly.)
This truth I'm very glad to tell—
(Alas, it killed me, very nearly.)

I called, but never thought you fair—
(She was the fairest of all creatures)—
For one so plain what could I care?
(But oh, what queenly form and features!)

I well can live without you now—
(I often see the line for crying.)
I'm glad it's over anyhow—
(I wrote that line with bitter sighing.)

My ears was but an idle freak—
(A very deep and holy pastime.)
I care no more with you to speak—
(Oh, had we spoken for the last time?)

I smile and let you go your way—
(I wept, and I no more go with her!)
Do as you will I've naught to say—
(Ab, much had we but been together!)

Love some one else if you can love—
(I would have died if she had done so!)
Seek some one else and faithful prove—
(I would have seen but sorry fun, so!)

I hardly care to look at you—
(I would have swam the Straits of Dover!)
My words to you were never true—
(There never was a truer lover.)

I'll prove to you that I am gay,
(Then was looking up my razer.)
And lively from this happy day—
(Oh, how I envied Nebuchadnezzar!)

I'm very glad that all is done,
(Was strychnine good for a sad liver?)
And feel as glorious as the sun.
(I thought of jumping in the river.)

I never loved you as you guessed—
(She was the fairest of all creatures!)
For now I feel relieved and blessed.
(And next night went and begged her mercy!)

LEAVES
From a Lawyer's Life.

BY A. GOULD PENN.

VII.—A Ghost on the Witness Stand.

"What do you think of that?" said Lewis Ayres, one morning, as we sat in the office, looking over the usual morning mail.

He handed me a delicate sheet of note paper on which was traced in a neat, lady's hand, the following:

"ILLUM, February 12, 18—
MESSRS. SMITH & AYRES, ATTORNEYS:
"Gentlemen: The wife hereof is desirous of consulting with you about you're regard to a large sum of great importance. Strict secrecy is essential. Will you, therefore, please call at No. 27 Oak street this evening, at nine o'clock promptly? Inquire at door for MARY G.—."

"Humph!" I exclaimed, doubtfully, "secret business, eh? It must be a strange business, indeed, if the lady cannot call at our office. I shall not go; you can do as you please about it, Lewis."

"Twenty-seven Oak street is a highly respectable neighborhood," said Ayres. "If I recollect rightly, Dr. Mason lives there. At any rate, I am just romantic enough to wish to know what will come of it, so I will go," and Lewis laughed at my assumed look of indifference.

"All right," I responded; "keep a sharp look-out, Lew, and remember, if she means business, she will have money to pay a reasonable retainer."

And, thinking no more about the matter, I proceeded with the current office business of the day, and prepared some briefs for the next day's court.

The next morning I found Ayres at the office, and as I entered, a smile full of meaning lit up his face.

"Well, tell us all about it," I demanded.

"Before I tell the story, let me show you this," he said, producing a roll of bills.

"Retainer?"

"Yes sir, and a handsome fee to come," he said, proudly.

"Well, what is the case?" and I seated myself leisurely, with my feet elevated upon a tabby, lawyer fashion, and puffed away at my cigar, while Ayres told me the result of his mysterious visit.

"I called promptly on time at No. 27, and my ring was answered by a little m'laito girl, to whom I stated my errand, and she conducted me up-stairs and into a fine waiting room, and then left me. I was growing impatient at the delay, when a rear door opened, and in stepped a lady, closely veiled.

"Mr. Ayres, I presume?" she began.

"Yes, madam. I have called in answer to your note."

"Ah! yes. I am obliged to you for the kindness. Don't think it strange, my dear sir, if I retain this vail. The success of my undertaking requires that no one see my features until a proper time, which I hope will soon come."

"Then she told me what she wanted in the way of legal assistance, and her story is like this:

"Some five years ago she was living in a distant village with an uncle, a very eccentric, and withal, penurious man, who was her legal guardian. She at that time had a twin brother who had gone to the gold-diggings in California, and these two were sole heirs to a large property. At length a rumor came that the brother was lost on his return voyage, and from that time the guardian treated her with the utmost cruelty, and even attempted her life. As her uncle he would be sole heir to her fortune if she was out of the way, and to accomplish this desired end he plotted against her life."

"The villain at length succeeded, as he supposed. Her body was found horribly mutilated, and the features defaced, and as the house was robbed at the same time, it was generally understood that the robbers had murdered her, and fled with their booty."

"Five years passed away, and the murderer has been gloating over his ill-gotten gains, secure in their possession, as he supposed, by the death of his wards."

"But the lost boy now comes and lays claim to the estate. The case is already on for trial. An attorney from the city has been managing the case, but a sudden sickness prevents his attendance, and by his advice, this lady retains us to attend the matter."

"What attorney?" I asked.

"Your old friend—Martin Trench."

"Martin Trench!—so—so—well?"

"The case comes up this term for trial, and this guardian—I forgot to tell you, his name is Zachary Weeks—has retained Leex & Brief to defend him. The plaintiff, Mr. George Seldon, will call and see us in a day or two, as he is now in the city, and this mysterious lady will remain *incog.* until she is called upon to testify."

"Zachary Weeks, you say, is the guardian?"

"Yes sir."

"I've heard of him before. He is either crazy or very eccentric."

Two days afterward, a tall, bearded stranger stepped into the office, and introduced him-

self as George Seldon, and gave us the full particulars of this very singular case.

His story was in confirmation of that told to Lewis Ayres by the veiled lady. He had been suddenly stricken down, at the mines, by a fever, and hence the report of his death. On arriving at San Francisco, chance threw him in the way of his sister, who had gone thither in search of him, and together they had returned to oust the would-be murderer.

Her presence was to remain a secret until the time of trial, when the murderer was to be arraigned face to face with his supposed victim.

Ayres rubbed his hands in glee at the prospect of defeating our old enemies, Leex & Brief, and, until the day of trial came, he was almost unfit for any other business.

I noticed that by some means Ayres found it necessary to visit No. 27 Oak street quite frequently, and at length I questioned him about it.

"Have you seen beyond the veil, Lewis?" I asked you see beyond the veil, Lewis?" I asked him again, after he had spoken of the mysterious lady.

A deep blush mantled his cheeks at the very pointed question.

"That is a leading question, Smith, and always overruled on direct examination."

"Well, you might as well answer it fully now, as your cheeks have impeached you."

"Well, as you are the questioner, I'll not refuse. I have seen behind that veil. It is no longer worn now when I call. You understand, Smith, even if you are a dried up old bachelor," and laughing at his joke on me, he grew more confidential in relation to the lady, and I was satisfied that the removal of that veil had been the cause of Lewis Ayres losing his heart.

But I was not disposed to chaff him further about it, knowing full well that a short time would reveal the whole story.

The returned Californian was a lion in the society of the Nicest. He sported the best clothes, drove the Nicest team, and was at once taken into best circles.

With Lewis Ayres he was a frequent companion, and I even saw Lewis in a fine turnout with the veiled lady for company. She became the subject of many strange surmises, and the town was full of rumors as to her probable identity, but no one could boast of having seen her face.

On this subject Lewis was as close as an ostrich, and no amount of questioning by his associates could induce him to speak of her.

So, by the time the day of trial came, public interest was worked up to a high pitch, and the court-room was filled with a curious crowd.

Leex and Brief were promptly on hand, and were accompanied by their client, Zachary Weeks.

A glance at Weeks would reveal to any observer a singular character. He carried in his face a craven, cowardly look, and his bent form and long, bony hands stamped him as a covetous, miserly wretch. A wary, idiotic stare lurked in his small eyes, and seemed to belie his known propensity for shrewdness.

The day was consumed in preliminary arguments, and the impaneling of a jury, during which I was surprised at the shrewdness and wit of my young partner, Lewis Ayres. I felt a pardonable pride in the young man, and I saw that he was creating a favorable impression on the expectant public.

The next day, all being in readiness, the taking of testimony for the claimant began.

George Seldon was put through a rigid cross-examination by Leex & Brief, but never wavering from his story. Documents and witnesses were produced to establish his identity, and the case for the plaintiff rested.

Zachary Weeks next testified, and told a very creditable story. His manner showed that he was a man of some natural talent, and, becoming warmed up in the relation of his care and love for the wards intrusted to him, and his eloquent lament over their unhappy fate, he swayed the jury, until I began to fear that he would carry his case by his splendid acting.

I was amazed that a creature so abject in every look could display such powers of language and his relation of the sad death of his wife by the foul assassin drew tears to the eyes of jurors and spectators.

I feared for my young friend Lewis, when he came to the cross-examination of this man. But he seemed cool and collected, and his handsome face was lightened up by a smile of evident satisfaction as he questioned the eloquent guardian.

"Do you believe that the spirits from the unknown world ever visit those who have wronged them here?" asked Lewis, standing in front of the old hypocrite, and looking steadily into his smoky eyes.

Weeks paled visibly, and it was plain that the question had touched the superstitious side of his nature.

"I have never seen anything of the kind," slowly answered the old man, as if trying to make out Ayres' intention.

"Let me call to your mind a scene," continued Ayres. "It is a large chamber in an old mansion house. The hour is midnight, but a feeble light in the room shows a beautiful maiden sitting in a chair, asleep, with the various articles of dress lying near. The candle flickers and burns low, as the chamber door is slowly opened and the stealthy form of a man enters and approaches the sleeping figure from behind. A cruel knife glitters in his hand, and he raises it for the fatal blow."

At this the hush of death pervaded the crowded court-room, and all eyes were bent on Lewis, and the wretched old man, who began to tremble before him.

"The glittering blade descends; a convulsive shudder, and all is o'er. The blood of that innocent maiden dyes the rich carpet; the candle gives its last feeble ray, and then all is dark—

"Look—old man, your victim has found you at last!" pointing to the silent, white figure of a female that stood near, with her cold, fixed eyes staring at the trembling old man.

A silence even more intense reigned for a moment as all gazed on this tableau.

Paler grew the blanched face of Weeks as his eyes seemed fixed on the white figure that confronted him. His jaw dropped, and large drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"It is her!" he gasped, "Eva Seldon, arisen from her grave to confront me. Back! Oh, God help me!" as the white figure seemed to glide toward him.

"Ha, the curse of gold! I killed her. I murdered her for her gold. It is mine! mine! ah-ha—"

He was a raving maniac!

With difficulty the officers overpowered him; the strength of a dozen men seemed to lie in his bony arms, as, with frothing lips, he raved and cursed.

The ghostly figure of Eva Seldon sunk back in a swoon, as Lewis Ayres sprung to her aid. The commotion was terrible in the crowd of excited people, and as the madman was borne

away, the room was soon emptied of the surging mass.

Still pale from her excitement, Eva Seldon testified to the scene so terribly depicted by Ayres.

The murdered girl was her servant-maid, who had borrowed some of her garments to attend an evening party—and returning to her chamber, had been mistaken by the murderer for his niece.

Lying in her bed, Eva Seldon had witnessed the horrid deed, and had fled for her life, and spent years in fruitless search for her brother.

The superstitious mind of Zachary Weeks had given way at sight of her face, and death found him in the mad-house.

The brother and sister took possession of their rightful inheritance, and Lewis Ayres took possession of the ghostly witness, who is now his wife.

"Smith, your turn will come, some day," he often says to me.

"I hope I won't marry a ghost," is my feeble retort.

Mrs. Gregg's New Dress.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"I TELL you what it is, Amanda, I can't stand it, and what's more, I *won't*, so there!"

After which declaration of independence Mr. Gregg blew his nose vigorously, and tried to look as firm as the rock of Gibraltar.

"But I tell you, Mr. Samuel Gregg," said his wife, in nowise discouraged by his declaration, "I've got to have a new dress, and I'm going to, if I die for it. Do you suppose, Samuel Gregg, that I'm going to see Mrs. Foddleby and Dr. Strong's wife, and half the ladies in town, with new dresses, and I go without? You're mistaken, if you do. I'm a woman of spirit, and when I set about it, I'm bound to carry my plans into operation, and—I going to have a new dress. You see if I don't, Samuel Gregg."

Mr. Gregg looked sternly upon the partner of his life.

"You don't reason about the matter at all," he exclaimed. "You don't take into consideration the fact that times are close—"

"Yes," put in Mrs. Gregg. "Times are always close when I want anything. But you don't think of that when you see fit to invest. You seem to think I can wear old clothes forever."

"But you don't consider when you purchase a dress that half the money would buy an article really twice as serviceable in three cases out of four. It's all for looks that you select anything. Now I go in for good bargains. I don't care a fig for the looks. What I'm after is a first-rate article, and one that can be bought at a sensible price. Now if you had the first idea of economy, you could go to some store where everything wasn't sold with regard to style, and get you splendid dresses for half the price, you pay now. Mrs. Shaw got her a beautiful dress last week at one of those stores, and got it cheap, too. Mrs. Shaw's a good woman to economize."

Mrs. Gregg smiled disdainfully.

"I hope you didn't think that dress of Mrs. Shaw's beauty? If you did, you'd be satisfied with anything. I never saw such a horrid-looking thing! She hasn't the least particle of taste, and her clothes cost her more, every year, than mine do."

"You're wild to make as such an assertion," said Mr. Gregg, loftily. "I think I am something of a judge as to what looks well and what doesn't, and I can safely say that Mrs. Shaw is the best dressed lady in our set."

"I've a good mind to get a dress just like hers, and see what you'd think of it," said Mrs. Gregg, scornfully.

"I wish you would have the good sense to do so," said her husband, who, to tell the truth, hadn't the faintest idea as to what Mrs. Shaw's dress looked like. But he could quote it as a model if he didn't know anything about it; and having stuck his stakes he wasn't going to back down.

"Well, if you'll give me the money, I'll get me one just like hers, to please you," said Mrs. Gregg, smiling in a way he couldn't quite understand.

"He proceeded to count out the money, however, feeling that he had come off victorious, and that at last he had got Mrs. Gregg to attempt to economize. Mr. Gregg's hobby was economy. He always practiced it. He bought his clothes at "great bargains," and in consequence never looked well-dressed, and somehow his "great bargains" always proved great failures. His clothes were always falling to pieces, and getting dilapidated generally, long before they ought to. But he couldn't see that they really cost him more than a good article would, which brought a higher price at first, but wore twice as long, and had the advantage of looking stylish and tasteful.

Mrs. Gregg went out and made her purchase, and for a week was busy over the making up of her "great bargain."